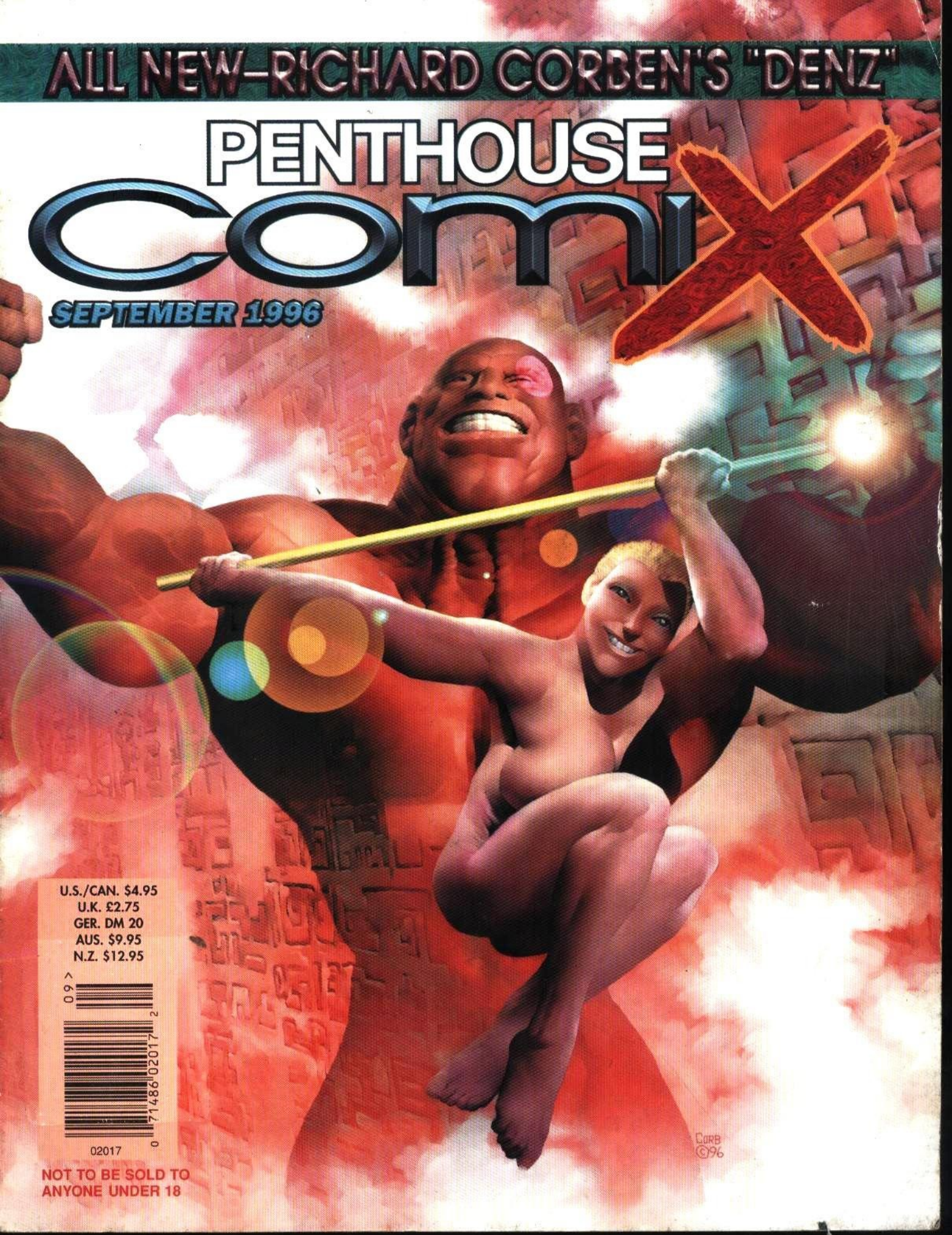
ALL NEW–RICHARD CORBEN'S "DENZ"

PENTHOUSE COMIX

SEPTEMBER 1996



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PENTHOUSE Comix

4 ***DENZ:*** Being his startling and promise-filled beginning. Interdimensional duality was never like this...

13 ***COVER PINUP*** DENZ & NEEMA By R. Corben

14 ***MONKEY JANK*** Only building left standing? The Pleasure Drome? Add two horny babes and call us in the morning

18 ***MISSY MUERTE*** Death can be so hot... so sexy... so scantilly clad? Is there sex after death? Mmm-maybe!

36 ***DOCTOR DARE*** Joanna is at the start of WWII and the Japanese are very active...

48 ***MISS ADVENTURE*** Camille, is in the gooey crossfire between Dick Willing, P.I. and The Ejaculator, jealous husband

62 ***PINOCCHIA-PART II*** Our luscious living doll gets in deeper and what do you think grows when she lies? Fairy tale eroticism at its best

79 ***LETTERS*** WRITE US TO DEATH! We need your mail... won't you help?

80 ***NEXT ISSUE*** Okay, this is really hot...

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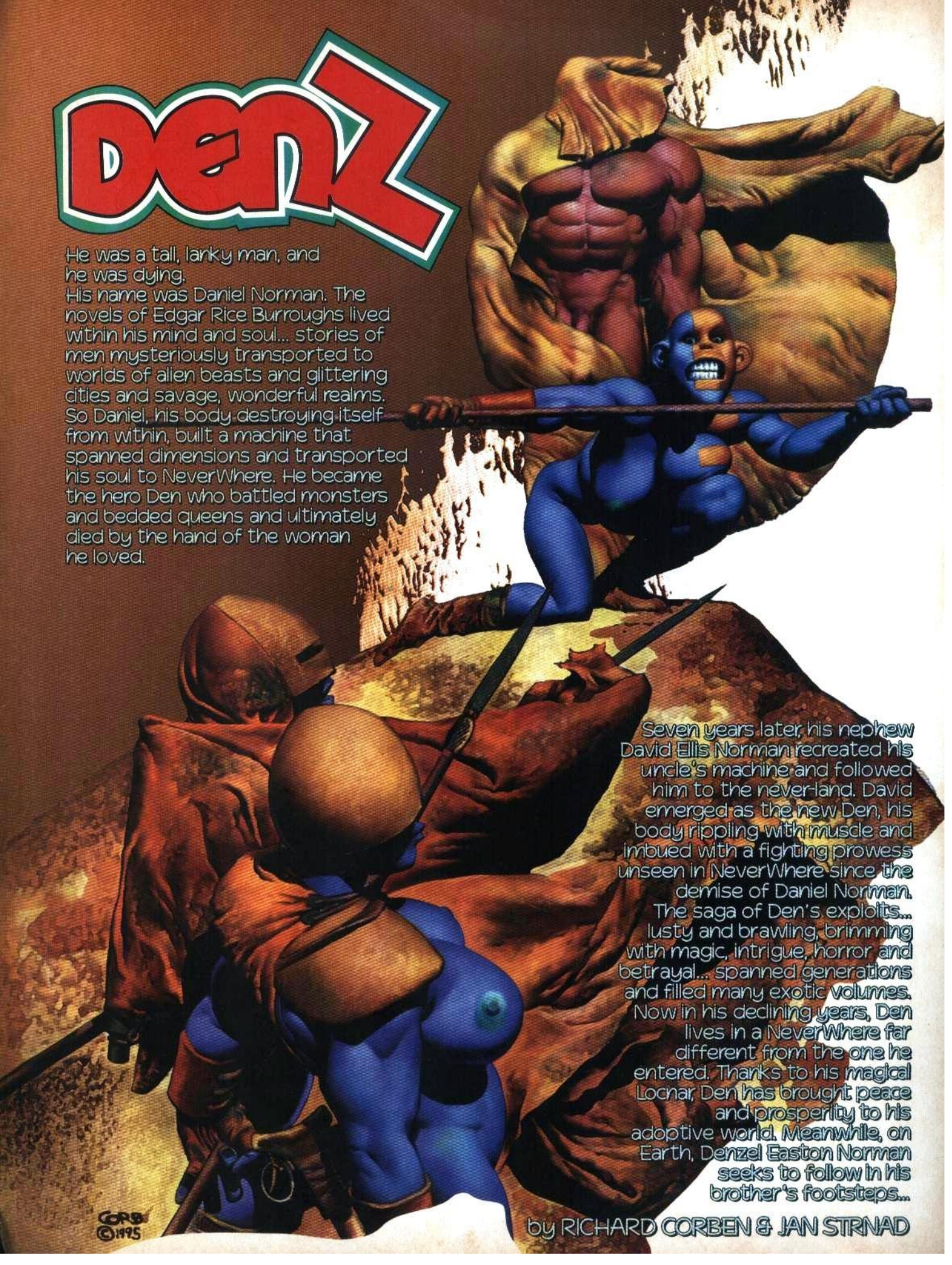
DenZ



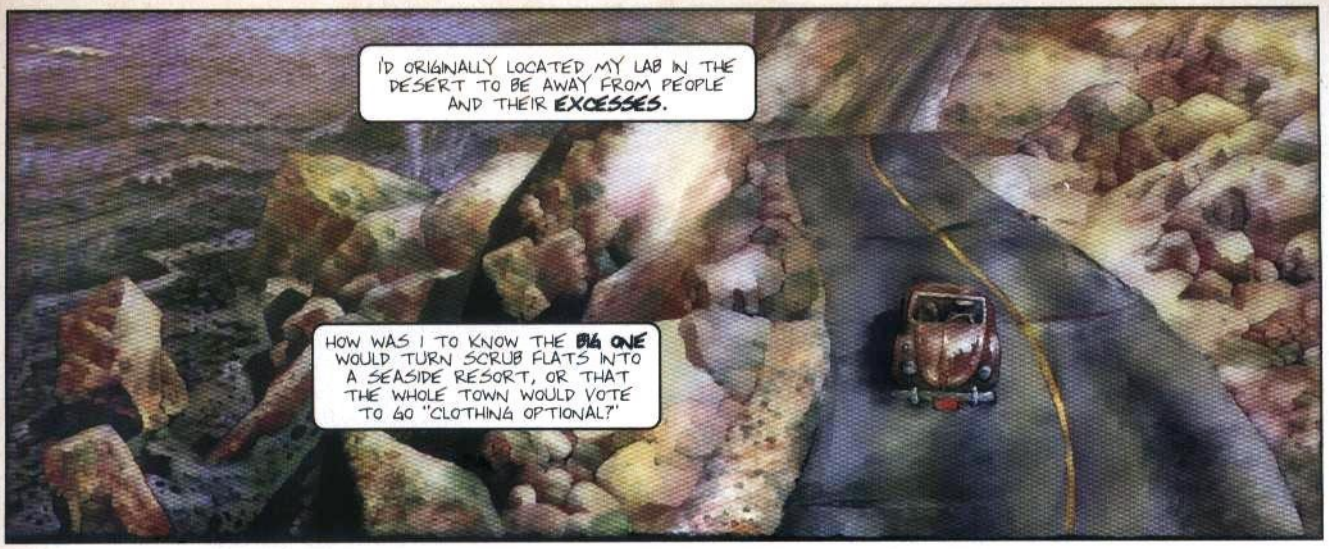
He was a tall, lanky man, and he was dying.
His name was Daniel Norman. The novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs lived within his mind and soul... stories of men mysteriously transported to worlds of alien beasts and glittering cities and savage, wonderful realms. So Daniel, his body destroying itself from within, built a machine that spanned dimensions and transported his soul to NeverWhere. He became the hero Den who battled monsters and bedded queens and ultimately died by the hand of the woman he loved.

Seven years later, his nephew David Ellis Norman recreated his uncle's machine and followed him to the never-land. David emerged as the new Den, his body rippling with muscle and imbued with a fighting prowess unseen in NeverWhere since the demise of Daniel Norman.
The saga of Den's exploits... lusty and brawling, brimming with magic, intrigue, horror and betrayal... spanned generations and filled many exotic volumes.
Now in his declining years, Den lives in a NeverWhere far different from the one he entered. Thanks to his magical Locnar, Den has brought peace and prosperity to his adoptive world. Meanwhile, on Earth, Denzel Easton Norman seeks to follow in his brother's footsteps...

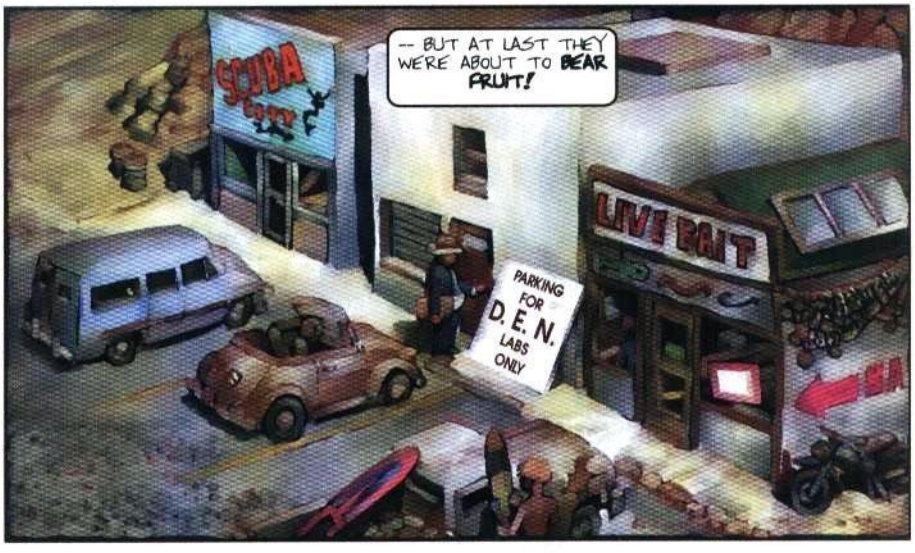
by RICHARD CORBEN & JAN STRNAD

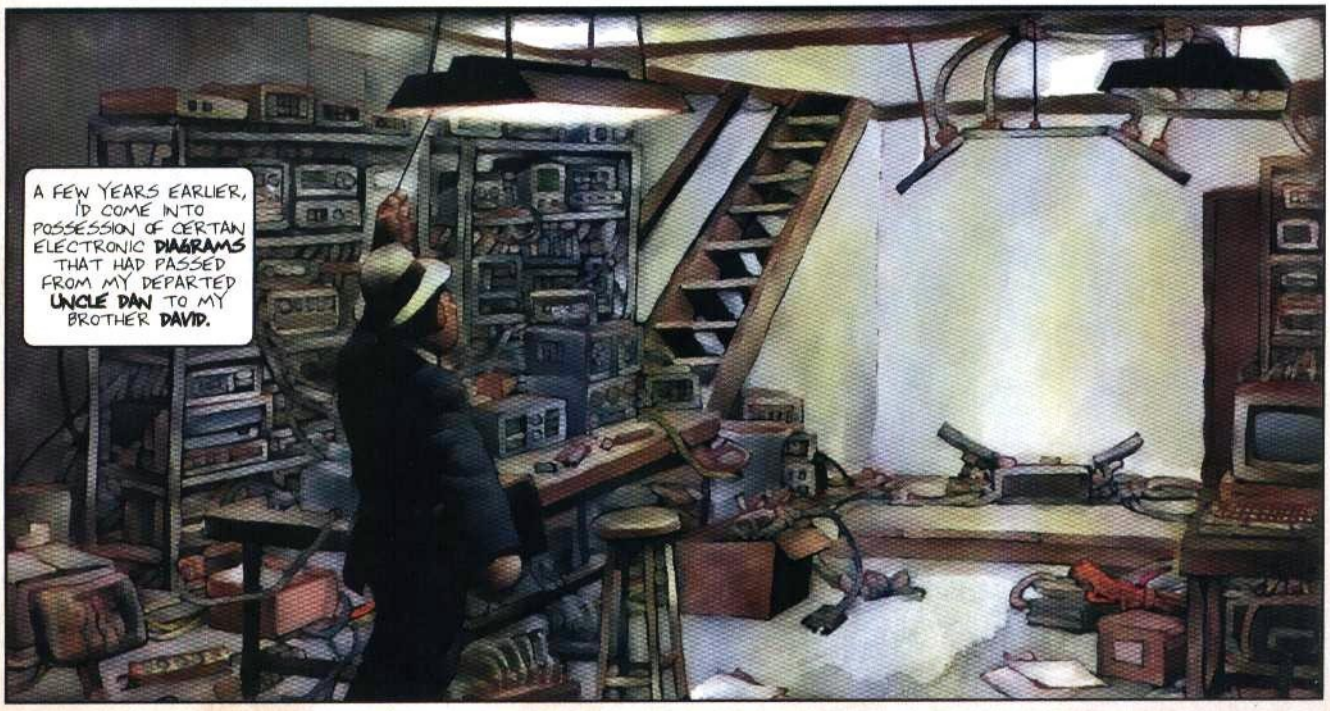
CORB ©1995

MY NAME IS DENZEL EASTON NORMAN. I AM ... OR WAS ... THE HEAD OF D. E. N. LABS OF SCRUB FLATS, CALIFORNIA. IT WAS A TUESDAY, I REMEMBER, WHEN I RECEIVED THE PACKAGE IN THE MAIL.
MOMMY WHY IS THAT MAN WEARING CLOTHES?
HUSH, JOHNNY -- IT ISN'T POLITE TO STARE AT THE TEXTILISTS!
©1995 RICH CORBEN AND JAN STRNAD
NEEMA! LOOK -- IT'S HERE! THE LAST COMPONENT I NEED TO ASSEMBLE THE TRANSMITTER!
MEET ME AT THE LAB AND WE'LL ... UHH --
NEEMA, YOU'RE NAKED!
YOU'RE IN VIOLATION OF THE COMPANY DRESS CODE!
OUTSIDE THE LAB I CAN WEAR WHATEVER I WANT ... YOU DON'T MAKE THE RULES FOR THE WHOLE TOWN, Y'KNOW!
BESIDES, THIS WAY I'M READY IF YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT A LITTLE BOOM - DA - BOOM - BOOM!
HRMM ... UHH ... REPORT TO THE LAB AT ONCE! THIS IS THE BIG DAY!


I'D ORIGINALLY LOCATED MY LAB IN THE DESERT TO BE AWAY FROM PEOPLE AND THEIR EXCESSES.
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE BIG ONE WOULD TURN SCRUB FLATS INTO A SEASIDE RESORT, OR THAT THE WHOLE TOWN WOULD VOTE TO GO "CLOTHING OPTIONAL?"

I'D HAD TO SELL ALL MY LAND TO FINANCE MY EXPERIMENTS --


-- BUT AT LAST THEY WERE ABOUT TO BEAR FRUIT!
SCUBA
LIVE BAIT
PARKING FOR D.E.N. LABS ONLY


A FEW YEARS EARLIER, I'D COME INTO POSSESSION OF CERTAIN ELECTRONIC DIAGRAMS THAT HAD PASSED FROM MY DEPARTED UNCLE DAN TO MY BROTHER DAVID.

I KNEW IN MY HEART THAT THESE DIAGRAMS WERE SOMEHOW INVOLVED IN MY UNCLE AND BROTHER'S DISAPPEARANCES.
PERHAPS THEY FOUND PARADISE --
-- A WELCOME CHANGE FROM THE LEWDNESS AND DEPRAVITY OF MY OWN WORLD!
NEEMA ARRIVED JUST AS I PREPARED TO TEST THE MACHINE.
BEFORE YOU BEAM YOURSELF UP TO THE PLANET OF CINDY CRAWFORD LOOKALIKES, I WANT MY PAYCHECK!
AND DON'T FORGET MY OVERTIME!
SHE CONTINUED TO RIDICULE ME AS I WROTE THE CHECK.
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU FORGOT TO SIGN THIS THING! WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO PULL?
... SIX ... FIVE ... FOUR ...

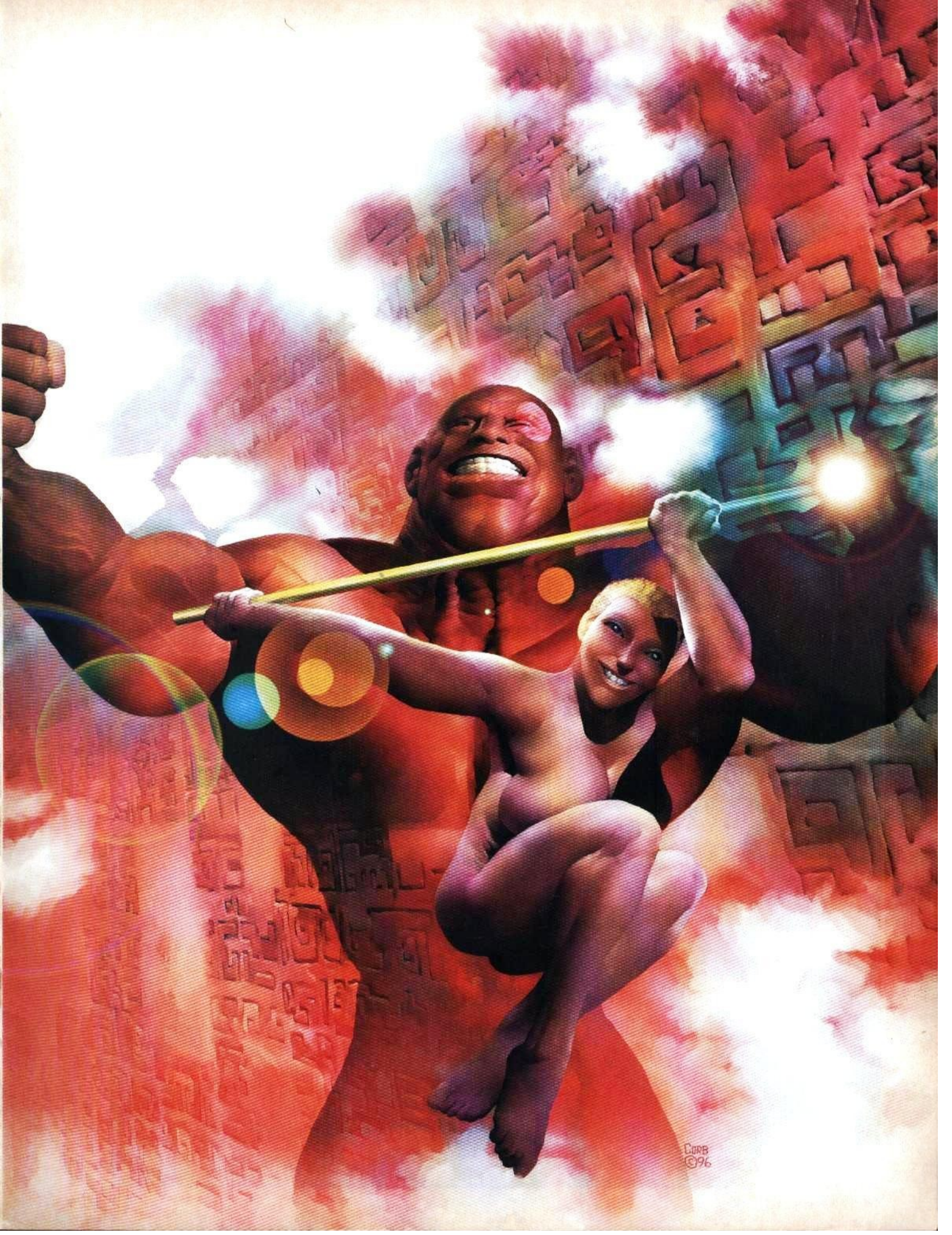
THREE ... TWO ... ONE ... ZERO ... LAUNCH!
DAMN IT, DENZEL! THIS CHECK WAS GONNA PAY FOR MY IMPLANTS!

GET UP! I AM DEN, THE RULER OF NEVERWHERE!
YOU BEAR THE MARK OF MY BROTHER DENZEL, BUT CAN IT REALLY BE YOU?
DENZEL ... YES, THAT'S ME! BUT I FEEL SO ... DIFFERENT!
ON YOUR GUARD! TO SEE IF YOU'RE TRULY MY BROTHER, I MUST PUT YOU TO THE TEST!
TAKE THIS!
NYUKK NYUKK NYUKK!
VERY GOOD, DENZ! WELCOME TO MY REALM!
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? I'M NAKED - AND HUNG LIKE A HORSE!
SUCH IS THE WAY OF THE PORTAL. IT TRANSCENDS ALL TIME, SPACE AND, UH, CLOTHING.
WOW! WHO NEEDS IMPLANTS WITH MAMS LIKE THESE?
BEHOLD MY KINGDOM, DENZ! WITH THE POWER OF MY MAGIC LOCNAR I CONQUERED THE UNCONQUERABLE ... TAMED THE UNTAMEABLE --
AND BROUGHT PEACE TO A WORLD RAVAGED BY TRIBALISM!

I'M GLAD THE PORTAL BROUGHT YOU HERE AT THIS POINT IN TIME, RATHER THAN TO THE CHAOS THAT GREETED MY ARRIVAL SO MANY YEARS AGO!
NOW, UNFORTUNATELY, THE PORTENTS WARN OF A GREAT NEW EVIL SOON TO ENTER NEVERWHERE! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE MY BROTHER HERE TO HELP ME FACE IT!
THESE WALLS TELL MY STORY ... HOW I GAINED AND LOST AND REGAINED THE LOCNAR! WE'LL NEED THE LOCNAR'S POWER TO FACE THIS NEW EVIL, WHATEVER IT MAY BE!
YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO READ THESE HEIROGLYPHS FOR YOURSELF, BUT I WARN YOU ... THEIR TALE WILL SEEM LIKE THE MACHINATIONS OF SOME MAD GOD!

YOU SEE THAT I'VE FOUGHT MANY FOES! BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY, DENZ, THAT IN NEVERWHERE, YOU MUST ALWAYS WATCH YOUR BACK!
HA HA! LOOK UP THERE! YOU REALLY GOT CLOBBERED THAT TIME!
CONK!
HUH?
DEN!
NEEMA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
GO BACK TO EARTH, DENZ! NEVERWHERE'S MY KIND OF PLACE, NOT YOURS!
IN FACT, I'LL HELP YOU ON YOUR WAY!

TO BE CONTINUED...


CORB
©96

MONKEY-JANK
WHAT'S THAT THING STICKIN' UP OUTTA THE GRIT? LOOKS LIKE A CHURCH, OR SOMETHING.
YEAH. DEFINITELY MORE "OR SOMETHING." LET'S CHECK IT OUT AND SEE WHAT IT HAS TO OFFER. IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO PROMISING, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW.
GLEET!
YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME HOOFIN' IT FROM PLACE TO PLACE WHEN THERE'S NO TV TO WATCH. AND THERE'S NO CARS TO DRIVE. I GUESS IT'S GOOD EXERCISE, BUT SOMETIMES IT GETS ON YOUR NERVES. MY BUDDY CLEEVA AND MY . . . WHATEVER YOU'D CALL HIM, OOGIE, WERE TROTTING ALONG THE BARREN NAKED WILDS, WHEN IT HIT ME HOW LONG IT HAD BEEN SINCE WE'D GOTTEN THAT WAY, TOO. NAKED AND WILD, THAT IS.
SO, WHATTAYA WANNA DO? SHOULD WE KNOCK? I'M NOT SO SURE I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS. IT SEEMS KINDA IFFY, PROSPECT-WISE.
LIKE TROMPIN' AROUND IN THE DESERT DOESN'T? MY DOGS ARE BARKIN', BABE. BESIDES, IT SAYS "PLEASURE-DROME."
GROOT?
YOU DON'T WANNA BE DOIN' THAT, SISTER. THE OCCUPANT ISN'T THE FUNNEST HOST IN THESE PARTS. BUT THEN, HE'S THE ONLY HOST.
GAH! IT SPEAKS! DON'T DO THAT, YOU LITTLE . . . WEIRD . . . THINGIE. YOU GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK.
AND OOGIE, DON'T CLEAVE UNTO CLEEVA. IT'S NOT POLITE.
BETWEEN THE STONY-LOOKING THINGIE AND YOUR BUG-EYED, MONKEY-LOOKING THINGIE, I'M PALPITATING ALL OVER.
YEEP!

REALLY, YOU . . . OWIE!
HMMM . . . YESSSS . . EXCELLENT. YES, HELLO LADIES. WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE, YET FORTIFIED, SEX-DEN. ALLOW ME TO BUZZ YOU IN.
I DUNNO, JANKY. WHATTAYA THINK?
LIKE I SAID, IT'S THIS OR THE SCORCHING, ARID DESERT.
ENTER LADIES, BUT LEAVE THE CREATURE OUTSIDE. TOO . . . UNSANITARY.
SORRY, OOGIE, BUT I PROMISE WE'LL BE OUT SOON.
IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH THERE WERE STILL PARKING METERS AND LEASHES SO I COULD OBSERVE THE PROPER PROTOCOLS OF LEAVING MY PET WAITING OUTSIDE.
YOU SENTIMENTAL THING, YOU.
I'M NOT SENTIMENTAL, I JUST LIKE THE CONCEPT OF DOGGY BONDAGE. YOU KNOW, A LITTLE SUBJUGATION TO KEEP ROVER IN LINE. I . . .
MOST AMUSING, YOUR RIBALD BANTER. HOW I HUNGER FOR YOUR SAUCY FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP. BUT FIRST, IN ORDER THAT I ALLOW YOU INTO MY SACRED SUBTERRANEAN BIOSPHERE, I MUST ASK YOU TO STRIP AND WATCH THE HYGIENE FILM I'VE PERSONALLY PREPARED ON THE PLASMA-VISION MONITOR.
DECONTAMINATION DEVICE
WHAT TH' HELL?!?
PLEASE BE ATTENTIVE OF THE FILM, BEFORE ENTERING THE PLEASURE-DROME.
"In the immortal words of John Wesley, 'Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness.' Truer words were never spoken. The body, in essence, is a den of iniquity for tiny and not so tiny deposits of filth.
THIS IS WEIRD, JANKY. I DON'T KNOW IF . . .
PLEASURE-DROME, CLEEVA. PLEASURE . . . DROME.
OUR WONDERFUL WORLD OF CLEANLINESS
"Yes, let us examine the skin, magnet to grime, grit, crud, all things feculent and foul. Ecch. Unclean, unclean. But it looks so good, so shapely. Ooooh, why must it look so good? Why can't we resist the temptations of the flesh? Because deep down, we're animals. We rose from the slime, but by God the slime didn't want to let go. Cursed, defiled flesh!
KIND OF DIFFERENT THAN THE HYGIENE SHORTS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.
WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M AROUSED. PFFF.
SSSH! THIS IS IMPORTANT! PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN THE AUTO-HAMPER! IT IS MOST IMPORTANT TO DECONTAMINATE BEFORE SEXUAL CONGRESS. PLEASE REGARD THE FILM, AGAIN.

"The human body is an *inveiglement* for all little, *wee, vile, icky microorganisms. Noisome detritus* eagerly coheres to the *corporeal self* like so much *supermarket cling-film. Yecch.*
THIS *IS* HOT STUFF. I'M GETTING *WET.*
PLEASE REFRAIN FROM *NATURAL* LUBRICATION. *SANITARY LINIMENTS* WILL BE PROVIDED TO AID US IN OUR MOMENTS OF *LUBRICITY*. PLEASE REFRAIN FROM *TALKING* DURING THE FILM, THOUGH I *AGREE*, IT *IS* HOT STUFF!
YEESH.
"Examine, if you will, the common *hair follicle*. It *looks* harmless enough, *doesn't* it? But, on *closer* examination, above *and* below the epidermis, *ucch*, hold onto your follicles . . .
HAIL DIPSO
"The hair is *surrounded* by *tiny bacteria* who, like *wanton tree-hugging pagans*, worship it like a giant *redwood*. Below the surface of the epidermis . . . *ecch* . . . lie other *demon-like* microorganisms who work around the clock *pumping* repulsive *oily sebum* to *lubricate* the hair.
"It is therefore incumbent on the individual to *submit* to a *complete body depilatory. Hairlessness* is a beautiful thing. It also facilitates easier fitting for a *full body condom*.
After all, why would one *voluntarily* submit to the unnecessary *messiness* of *ejaculation* and *mucus-laden natural body lubrications* . . . *yecccch!*"
HEY, *SEXY LADIES*, WHERE ARE YOU *GOING*? I THOUGHT WE HAD A *LOVE GROOVE* HAPPENING HERE.
FUCK OFF, YOU PERVY *CLEAN FREAK!*
WELL, AT LEAST WE GOT OUR CLOTHES WASHED! *THAT'S* SOMETHING!
WORDS & PICTURES BY *BOB FINGERMAN*
COLOR BY *DAVE COOPER* ©1996

THE END!

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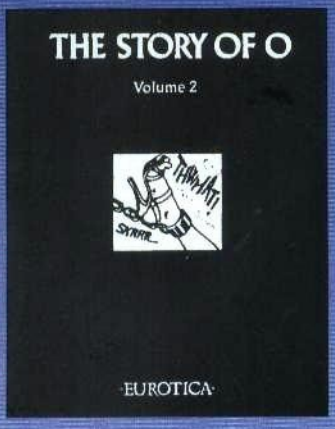

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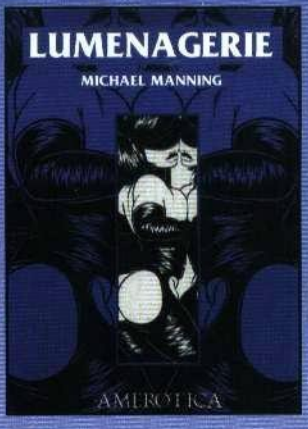

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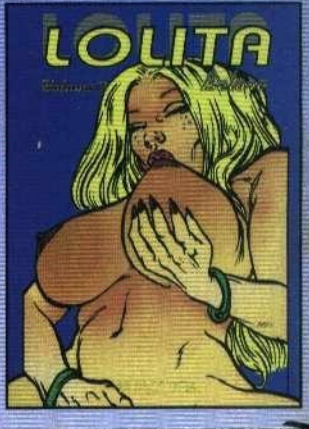

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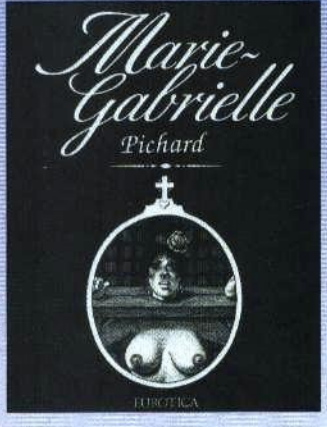

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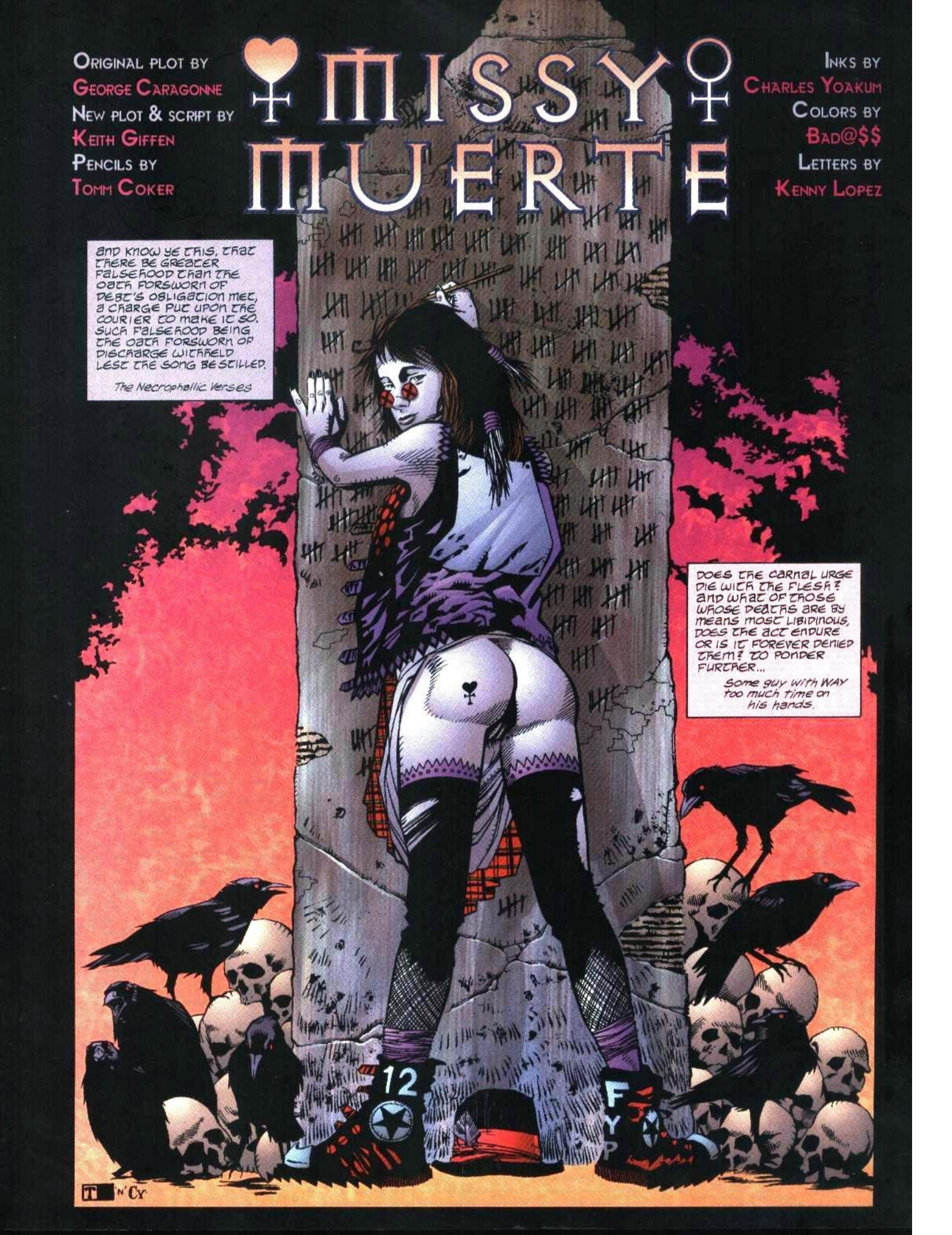
ORIGINAL PLOT BY
GEORGE CARAGONNE
NEW PLOT & SCRIPT BY
KEITH GIFFEN
PENCILS BY
TOMM COKER
MISSY MUERTE
INKS BY
CHARLES YOAKUM
COLORS BY
BAD@$$
LETTERS BY
KENNY LOPEZ
AND KNOW YE THIS, THAT THERE BE GREATER FALSEHOOD THAN THE OATH FORSWORN OF DEBT'S OBLIGATION MET, A CHARGE PUT UPON THE COURIER TO MAKE IT SO. SUCH FALSEHOOD BEING THE OATH FORSWORN OF DISCHARGE WITHHELD LEST THE SONG BE STILLED.
The Necrophallic Verses
DOES THE CARNAL URGE DIE WITH THE FLESH? AND WHAT OF THOSE WHOSE DEATHS ARE BY MEANS MOST LIBIDINOUS, DOES THE ACT ENDURE OR IS IT FOREVER DENIED THEM? TO PONDER FURTHER...
Some guy with WAY too much time on his hands.
12
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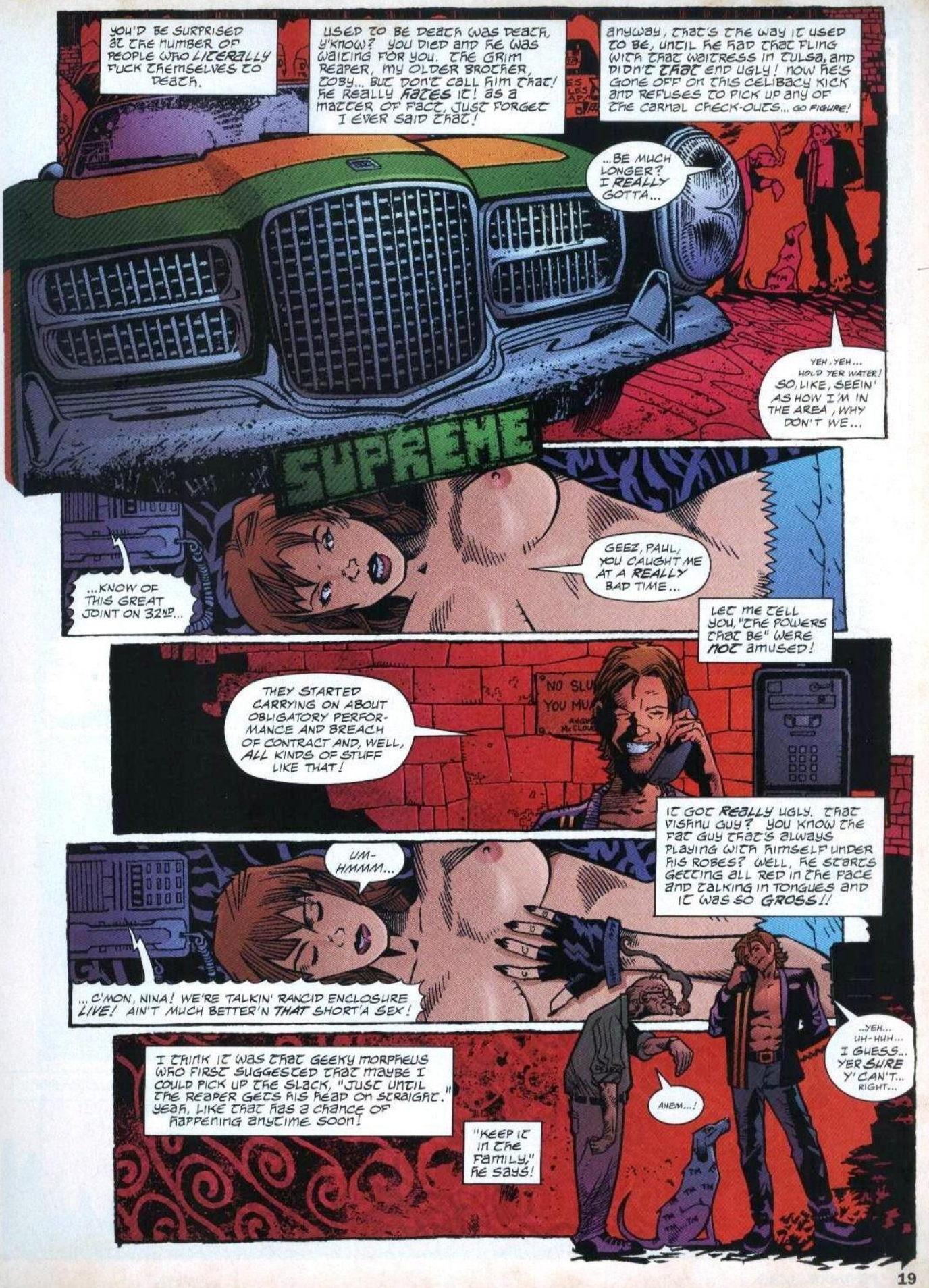
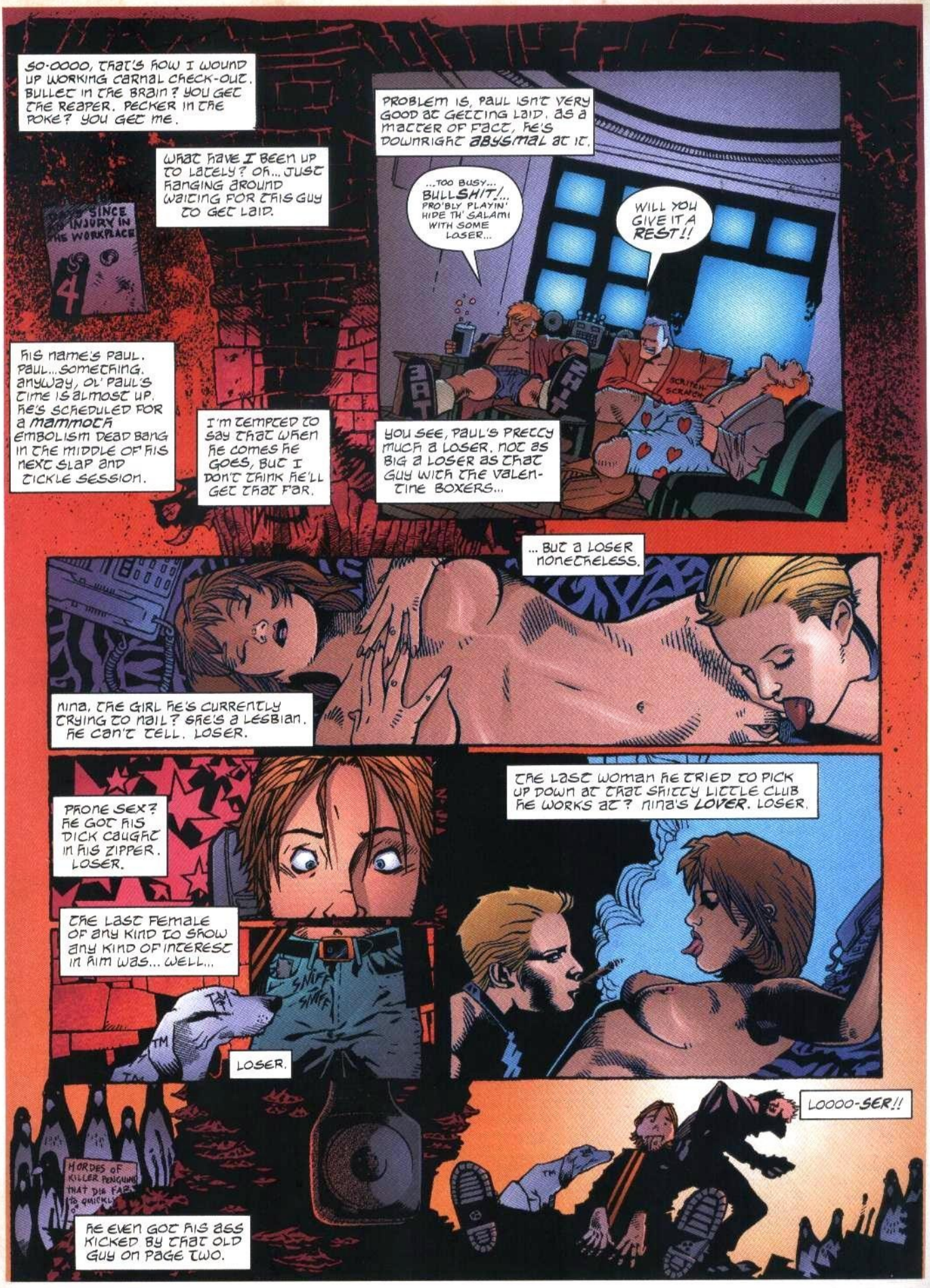

YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO LITERALLY FUCK THEMSELVES TO DEATH.
USED TO BE DEATH WAS DEATH, Y'KNOW? YOU DIED AND HE WAS WAITING FOR YOU. THE GRIM REAPER, MY OLDER BROTHER, TOBY... BUT DON'T CALL HIM THAT! HE REALLY HATES IT! AS A MATTER OF FACT, JUST FORGET I EVER SAID THAT!
ANYWAY, THAT'S THE WAY IT USED TO BE, UNTIL HE HAD THAT FLING WITH THAT WAITRESS IN TULSA, AND DIDN'T THAT END UGLY! NOW HE'S GONE OFF ON THIS CELIBACY KICK AND REFUSES TO PICK UP ANY OF THE CARNAL CHECK-OUTS... GO FIGURE!
...BE MUCH LONGER? I REALLY GOTTA...
YEH, YEH... HOLD YER WATER! SO, LIKE, SEEIN' AS HOW I'M IN THE AREA, WHY DON'T WE...
SUPREME
...KNOW OF THIS GREAT JOINT ON 32ND...
GEEZ, PAUL, YOU CAUGHT ME AT A REALLY BAD TIME...
LET ME TELL YOU, "THE POWERS THAT BE" WERE NOT AMUSED!
THEY STARTED CARRYING ON ABOUT OBLIGATORY PERFORMANCE AND BREACH OF CONTRACT AND, WELL, ALL KINDS OF STUFF LIKE THAT!
IT GOT REALLY UGLY. THAT VISHNU GUY? YOU KNOW THE FAT GUY THAT'S ALWAYS PLAYING WITH HIMSELF UNDER HIS ROBES? WELL, HE STARTS GETTING ALL RED IN THE FACE AND TALKING IN TONGUES AND IT WAS SO GROSS!!
UM-HMMM...
...C'MON, NINA! WE'RE TALKIN' RANCID ENCLOSURE LIVE! AIN'T MUCH BETTER'N THAT SHORT'A SEX!
I THINK IT WAS THAT GEEKY MORPHEUS WHO FIRST SUGGESTED THAT MAYBE I COULD PICK UP THE SLACK, "JUST UNTIL THE REAPER GETS HIS HEAD ON STRAIGHT." YEAH, LIKE THAT HAS A CHANCE OF HAPPENING ANYTIME SOON!
"KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY," HE SAYS!
AHEM...!
...YEH... UH-HUH... I GUESS... YER SURE Y' CAN'T... RIGHT...


SO-OOOO, THAT'S HOW I WOUND UP WORKING CARNAL CHECK-OUT. BULLET IN THE BRAIN? YOU GET THE REAPER. PECKER IN THE POKE? YOU GET ME.
WHAT HAVE I BEEN UP TO LATELY? OH... JUST HANGING AROUND WAITING FOR THIS GUY TO GET LAID.
SINCE INJURY IN THE WORKPLACE
4
HIS NAME'S PAUL. PAUL...SOMETHING. ANYWAY, OL' PAUL'S TIME IS ALMOST UP. HE'S SCHEDULED FOR A MAMMOTH EMBOLISM DEAD BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS NEXT SLAP AND TICKLE SESSION.
I'M TEMPTED TO SAY THAT WHEN HE COMES HE GOES, BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL GET THAT FAR.
PROBLEM IS, PAUL ISN'T VERY GOOD AT GETTING LAID. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE'S DOWNRIGHT ABYSMAL AT IT.
...TOO BUSY... BULLSHIT!... PRO'BLY PLAYIN' HIDE TH' SALAMI WITH SOME LOSER...
WILL YOU GIVE IT A REST!!
SCRITCH-SCRATCH
YOU SEE, PAUL'S PRETTY MUCH A LOSER. NOT AS BIG A LOSER AS THAT GUY WITH THE VALENTINE BOXERS...
...BUT A LOSER NONETHELESS.
NINA, THE GIRL HE'S CURRENTLY TRYING TO NAIL? SHE'S A LESBIAN. HE CAN'T TELL. LOSER.
PRONE SEX? HE GOT HIS DICK CAUGHT IN HIS ZIPPER. LOSER.
THE LAST WOMAN HE TRIED TO PICK UP DOWN AT THAT SHITTY LITTLE CLUB HE WORKS AT? NINA'S LOVER. LOSER.
THE LAST FEMALE OF ANY KIND TO SHOW ANY KIND OF INTEREST IN HIM WAS... WELL...
SNIFF SNIFF
TM
LOSER.
LOOOO-SER!!
HORDES OF KILLER PENGUINS THAT DIE FAR TOO QUICKLY
HE EVEN GOT HIS ASS KICKED BY THAT OLD GUY ON PAGE TWO.

IT'S GOTTEN TO THE POINT WHERE I'M THINKING MAYBE I SHOULD MANIFEST PHYSICALLY AND PUT THE POOR SOD OUT OF HIS MISERY. STRICTLY AGAINST THE RULES, DON'CHA KNOW, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS I CAN TAKE.
I THINK A MAJOR PART OF PAUL'S PROBLEM INVOLVES REALITY, AND THE DISTRACTING EFFECT IT HAS ON HIM. MOST NIGHTS, AND IT LOOKS LIKE TONIGHT IS NO EXCEPTION, HE CAN BE FOUND PUTTING IN HIS TIME AT THAT SORRY EXCUSE FOR A "HAPPENING PLACE," HALF WHACKED ON JELLO SHOOTERS, COMPLETELY IMMERSED IN HIS OWN LITTLE FANTASYLAND.
NOT THAT I CAN BLAME HIM. HELL, IF I WAS LIVING HIS LIFE, I'D HAVE HIT THE OL' HOT TUB WITH A RAZOR A LOOOONG TIME AGO. DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST HAVING A RICH FANTASY LIFE, BUT LET'S FACE IT...
...THINKING AIN'T DOING! UNLESS YOU'RE DOING IT TO YOURSELF, THAT IS. NOT THAT PAUL EVER DOES. EVER. CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS GUY?
YO... PAULIE-O! Y'WANNA TOUCH DOWN FER A FEW? Y'GOT HALF TH' JOINT SENDIN' SEMAPHORES YER WAY!
M' ON BREAK...
ON MARS YOU MEAN.
KURTUN TIMOTHY
SHIT, MAN! Y'WATCH STOPPED!
BIG SURPRISE THERE!

NO BIG DEAL...
YEAH? TELL THAT T' TH' PEOPLE YOU'VE HAD ON HOLD FER TH' LAST HOUR!
K-CHAK
GONNA GET'CHER ASS FIRED Y' DON'T... hrr-RALF-FF!!
ohhh yeah! IS THIS PLACE TOO HIP FOR WORDS OR WHAT?
AND HE'S STILL AT IT!
SOME ASSHOLE COMES WITHIN INCHES OF CHUCKING MOUNDS ALL OVER HIM AND HE'S STILL GOT ONE FOOT PLANTED IN LA-LA LAND! WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO SNAP THIS GUY OUT OF IT!!
awww... WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS!? YO! JERK-OFF! REALITY CHECK!!

aaaand he's OFF! again!!
okay, now he's gone too far! I got better things to do with my time than hanging around this space cadet hoping he'll get lucky sometime before the passing of the fucking millennium!
I've got a timetable here!! I was supposed to be at a breast-implant detonation two weeks ago!!
waicaminnic... is that...?... kurt cobain!!? he's fantasying kurt co-fucking-bain!!!?
did he just call me hericane?
did he?
he's gone too far this time! this calls for desperate measures!
regulations be damned! I'm going in!
how...intriguing. but then, the damaged ones so often are.
I want him!
I'll screw him off of the face of the earth mysel... what did she just say?
gonna pull the plug, y'wanna play it real bizarre? y'gotta superglue yer lips to the tailpipe of yer car...!!

♪ ...SUPERGLUE YOUR LIPS TO THE TAILPIPE OF YER CAR! HEY! SUPERGLUE YER LIPS...♪
YE-ESSS.. THERE IS THAT PATHETIC AIR ABOUT HIM...
OH, HE'S PATHETIC ALRIGHT! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, THEY DON'T COME ANY MORE PATHETIC THAN...
SHIT... LIKE A PRIMO PIECE OF ASS LIKE HERICANE WOULD EVEN KNOW I EXISTED...
...EVER'BODY KNOWS SHE'S GOT THE SCREAMING THIGH SWEATS FOR THAT ADVENTURE GHY...
...HIGH-TONED BITCH! LIKE SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR THE LIKES OF...
YOU! WAITER! WHAT TIME DO YOU GET OFF?
P-PAUL? YOU TALKIN' TO PAUL?
UP YERS, BITCH! I DON'T NEED YER FUCKIN' CHARITY!!
WHAT!!?
AHH... AH... HA HA... HE, UM... THIS IS PROBABLY GOING TO SOUND KIND OF STRANGE... BUT HE WASN'T TALKING TO.. THAT IS, HE, ERR... HE'S BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS LATELY, AND...
YOU WILL STILL FUCK HIM... PLEASE?
NNNNNN-NO. HE IS YOURS IF YOU WANT HIM. I PREFER A MORE... MALLEABLE SPECIMEN.

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS!!? THIS GUY COULDN'T GET LAID AT A NYMPHO CONVENTION, SPORTING A TWO-FOOT DICK!! HOW CAN ANYBODY NOT GET LAID IN THIS JOINT!!?
YOU'VE GOT TANTRIC SEX-MAGIC RITUALS GOING ON IN THE LADIES ROOM...
...COME AS YOU ARE" GROUP-GROPES IN THE FOYER...
...RECREATIONAL APHRODISIAC ENCOUNTER SESSIONS IN THE BACK ROOM...
...SEXUAL-ENDURANCE TIME TRIALS IN THE MEN'S ROOM...
...NOT TO MENTION THAT PIMP MAKING THE ROUNDS WITH THAT HOOKER DRESSED UP LIKE MISS ADVENTURE OFFERING FREE SAMPLES, AS A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER, TO ALL TAKERS!!!

HEY, HEY, SWEET THANG...
GREAT... THIS I NEED NOW.
AH KNOW ME A PLACE WHAR THE PARTY, IT DON'T NEVAH END.
...TRAILS TO YOU-UU... UNTIL WE MEET AGAINNN...
WHADDAYA SAY YOU AN' ME, WE CHECK IT OUT T'GETHAH, HEY?
DAMN! AND I WAS JUST READY TO MOVE ON HIM!
NOT THAT HE'D NOTICE. MAYBE IF I STRADDLED HIM AND RUBBED MY MUFF IN HIS FACE HE'D GET THE MESSAGE.
HANG IN THERE, PAUL M'MAN. I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I DITCH THIS CLOWN.
LEAD ON, TEX.
EXIT
BAR
CONK
GED' FUCK HOME, BOY. 'N YOU BES' MAKE SURE'N HAUL YER SHAGGY ASS IN 'ERE ON TIME T'MORRA!
Y' GODDAT, BOY? NO MORE 'SCUSES. ON TIME'R DON' COME IN AT ALL!
EXIT
YEAH, YEAH... I 'GODDIT."

SIGH... THIS IS TAKING WAY TOO LONG...
EXIT
MOST TIMES, THE SHOCK OF SEEING ME IN MY TRUE FORM IS ENOUGH TO DROP THEM WHERE THEY STAND.
WHOOP! WHOOP! HAHAHAHAHAA...
ALL IT DID TO "ZEX" HERE IS UNHINGE HIM. WILL YOU FALL ALREADY!!
JOEY
HALL OF HERO
WHERE THE HELL IS HE GOING? HALL OF HEROES?
1.50
FIGURES. HE'LL PROBABLY WIND UP VEGGING OUT IN FRONT OF THE HERICANE DISPLAY.
WHOOP! WHOOP!
OOP?
FINALLY!
BOOT!
YO! YOU! YOU IN THE JACKET!

DID YOU SEE THAT GUY!? HOLY SHIT!! WHAT A FUCKIN' HEAD CASE! TALK ABOUT DODGING THE BULLET! WHEN I THINK HOW I ALMOST LET HIM TAKE ME...
...HEY, MAN... YOU OKAY?
OKAY, PAUL, I'M NOT GONNA BEAT AROUND THE BUSH. HERE, YOU SEE THIS? IT'S YOURS. DO WITH IT WHAT YOU WILL. NO STRINGS ATTACHED.
'M OKAY.
YEAH? YOU DON'T SOUND OKAY. ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP? OH... I'M MISSY.
'M PAUL
PAUL, EH? THEN HOW COME YOUR JACKET SAYS "JOEY"?
'S NOT MY JACKET... 'S JOEY'S
TOMMA AND CHARLES

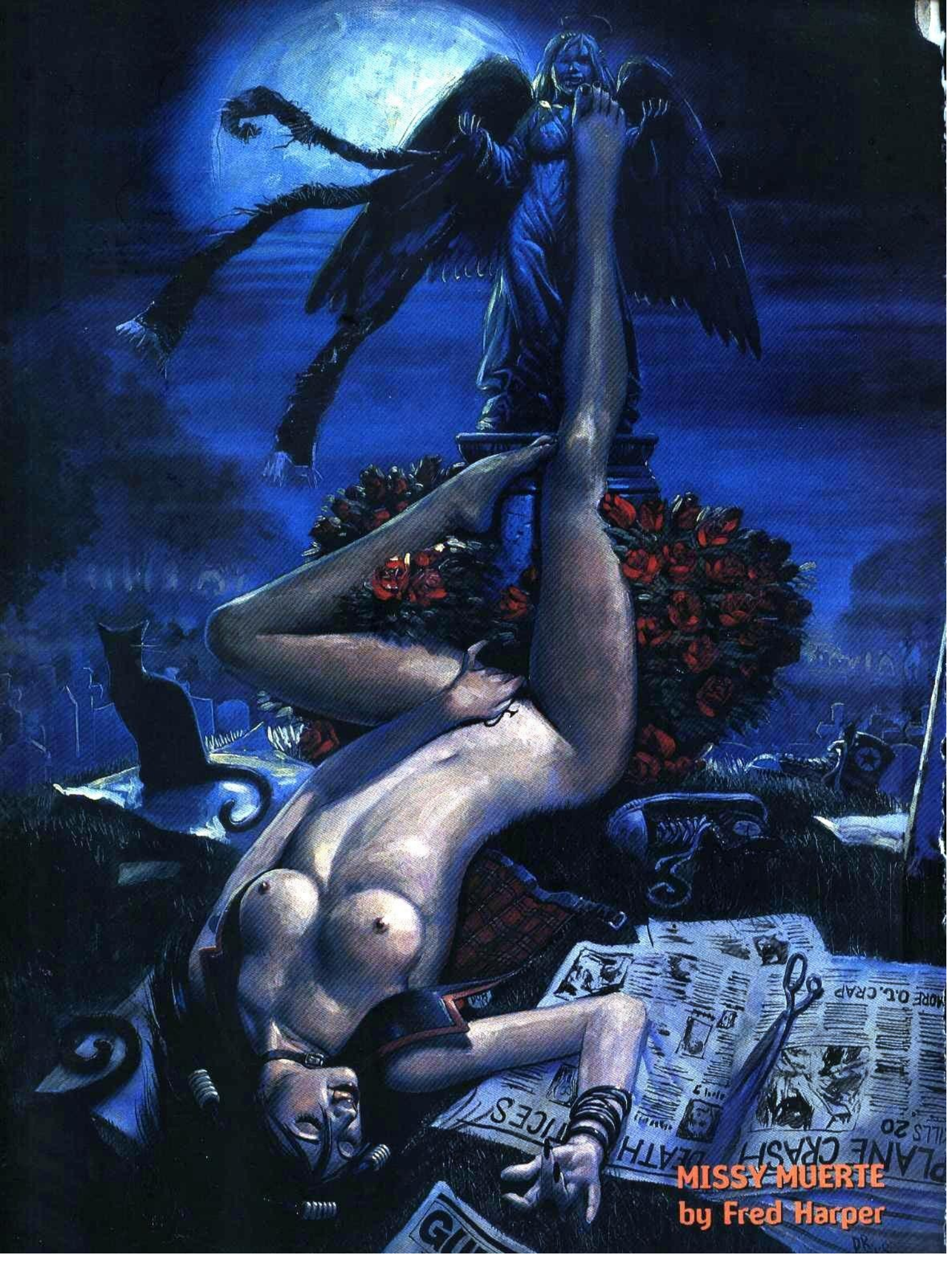
LOOOOO-SER!!
'S NICE...
What!? SAVING YOURSELF FOR THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS? HERICANE, PERHAPS? OR IS IT YOUR LESBO "GIRLFRIEND"?
LEMME SET YOU STRAIGHT ON THIS, 'KAY? IT AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN! NOT NOW, NOT EVER, NO FUCKING WAY! YOU STILL WITH ME, ACE?
YOU FOLLOWING ME HERE, PAUL? FREE 'N' CLEAR, ALL YOURS. WHADDAYA SAY?
HEY! OVER HERE! I'M TALKIN' TO YOU!!
YOU GOTTA GET OUT OF YOUR HEAD AND INTO THE REAL WORLD!!
YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET AS MUCH AS A SUCK JOB FROM HERICANE, EXCEPT IN YOUR HEAD!
BUT LOOK, PAUL! AH! AH! I'M WAITING HERE IN THE REAL WORLD!!
AM I MAKING YOU UN-COMFORTABLE HERE, PAUL? GOOD!! SO WHAT KIND OF CEREBRAL SCENARIO HAVE YOU COBBLED UP FOR ME!?
AND AS FOR YOUR "OH SO PRECIOUS" NINA... SHE'S A LESBIAN!! DEAL WITH IT!! 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO AMOUNT OF KINKY FANTASY SESSIONS GONNA CHANGE THAT!
DON'T YOU GO GLAZING OVER ON ME! GET BACK HERE!!!

COME ON, CUT ME A BREAK.
TELL YOU WHAT, YOU FUCK ME AND I'LL PRETEND TO BE WHOEVER YOU WANT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!!!?
YOUR JOB! OR THE PART OF IT I'M STUCK WITH!
PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH, HERICANE, MISS ADVENTURE...
...HELL, FUGA HEFNER EVEN, IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES!
HEY...HEY! I AIN'T NO HO...
AND THIS... THIS IS HOW YOU DO IT!? YOUR JOB IS TO REAP THOSE WHOSE TIME HAS COME!! FACILITATING THE DEATH PROCESS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN UNDER SECTION 12, PARAGRAPH 13, OF THE REVISED NON-INTERVENTION STRICTURE!!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE!!?

OH PUH-LEEZE!!
HE WAS TAKING FOR-FUCKING EVER!
THEN YOU WAIT!
nnnO... I DON'T THINK SO.
SNAP!
I DON'T RECALL GIVING YOU A CHOICE!!
♪GUESS WHERE I'M GOING...♫
DON'T YOU... DON'T YOU WALK AWAY FROM ME!! I FORBID THIS!! FORBID IT, DO YOU HEAR ME!!!
hmph... NO WONDER THAT WAITRESS BLEW YOU OFF!
HEY! YOU TWO WANNA TAKE IT TO ANOTHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE!!? I JUST GOT THAT FUCKIN' ANTICHRIST KID BEDDED DOWN!! YOU WAKE HIM, YOU TAKE HIM!

SO BE IT, THEN! THE CONSEQUENCES BE ON YOUR HEAD!!
CALL, TOBY, CALL.
EEP!
SORRY ABOUT THAT. I KNOW HOW DISCONCERTING THOSE TEMPORAL STASIS ZONES CAN BE.
I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SHIFTING US TO A MORE APPROPRIATE VENUE. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.
UMMM... SURE. I GUESS...
JUST THINK HERICANE. LEAVE THE REST TO ME.
AND DON'T CALL ME...!!!
I'LL BE DAMNED. HE MADE IT.
SAY GOOD-NIGHT, PAULIE...

SO... I'M LIKE... DEAD?
THAT YOU ARE.
AND YOU'RE... DEATH?
THAT I AM.
AH! HERE'S CHARON NOW. WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU ON YOUR WAY.
A BUS? I THOUGHT HE, LIKE, POLED SOME KIND OF A... SKIFF OR SOMETHING.
THESE ARE THE NINETIES, BOY! GET WITH IT!
UMM... THAT, UH... GIRL, MISSY? I THOUGHT SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO... UH... SEE ME OVER.
...ONE WOULD BE HARD PRESSED TO CALL WHAT YOU JUST DID, SEX.
IN CASES OF DEATH BY SEXUAL ACT THAT WOULD BE THE CASE. BUT FROM WHAT SHE TOLD ME...
LOOOOO-SER!!
The End
THIS STORY IS DEDICATED to TOM COKER SR.


MISSY MUERTE
by Fred Harper

EPISODE 1: DARE IN THE PHILLIPINES

Dr. Joanna Dare, beautiful research chemist invented an elixir intended to confer tremendous strength on the taker. Unfortunately, Agent D, Nazi spy, attempted to force the formula from Joanna and in doing so, set fire to the lab. Since Joanna was tied to a chair and had the only batch of the elixir within gulping distance and being a very bright scientist, she did the only thing possible to save her life. She drank the formula!

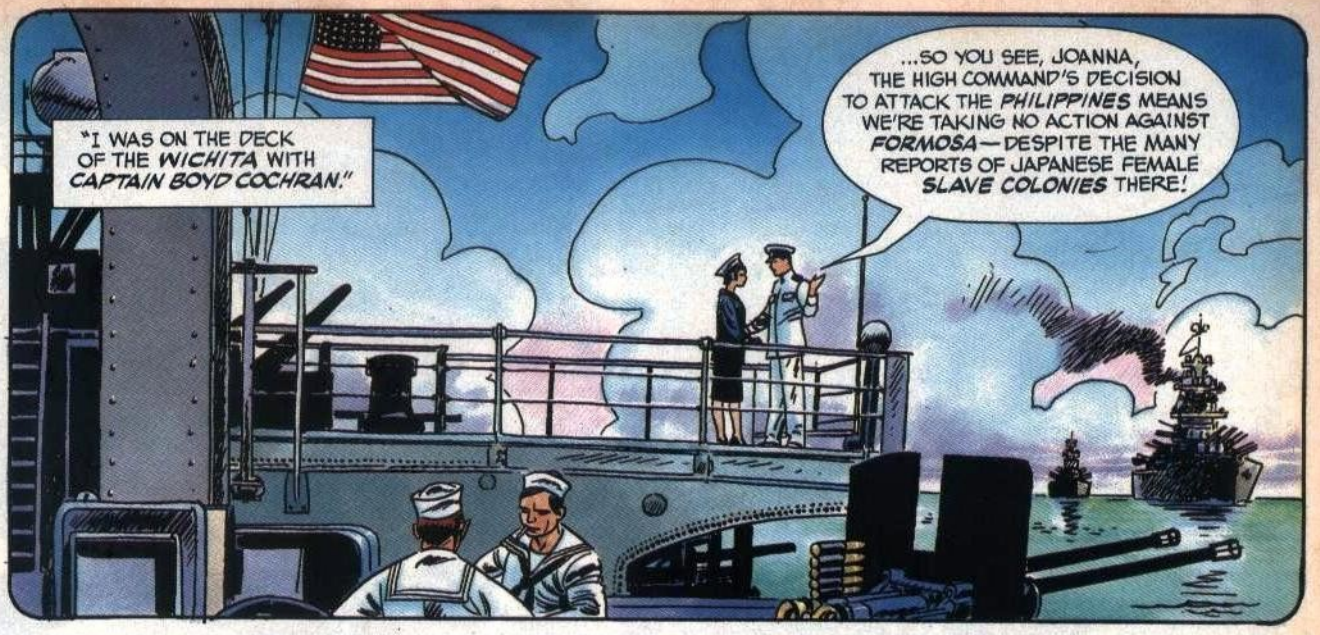
When she recovered, she found that upon having an orgasm, she would become practically invulnerable, stronger and enlarged — in all the right places. She was recruited by the President and First Lady to become a special agent going on missions that no one else could. She survived many amazing, hair-raising adventures on land, sea, air and in space – and got laid a lot, too!

A few years have passed since then and we rejoin Joanna at a point in her life that is still filled with adventure, but also emotional upheaval...

STORY BY JAN STRNAD
ART BY ALFONSO FONT
COLOR BY SUYDAM
LETTERS BY GAIL BECKETT

SPRING, 1945. AN AMERICAN DESTROYER HEADS FOR THE DEPTHS OF THE EAST CHINA SEA.
WOUNDED, BLEEDING AMERICANS, FLOUNDERING IN SHARK-INFESTED WATERS... THEIR SHIP POINTED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA! WHAT SIGHT COULD BE SO SWEET AS THIS, CAPTAIN?
ONLY ONE, LIEUTENANT— THE SIGHT I AM BEHOLDING NOW!
"INFORM DR. MAMASAKI THAT HE WILL SOON HAVE A NEW SUBJECT FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS!"

YES, AMELIA, YES! FLY ME TO THE MOON, MY LUSTY AVIATRIX!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOCTOR?
SHE IS HIGHLY DELUSIONAL. SUCH EXPLOITS AS SHE DESCRIBES COULD NOT HAPPEN, NOT EVEN IN THE DECADENT WESTERN WORLD!
SO SHE IS AN UNFIT SUBJECT?
ON THE CONTRARY! HER SEXUAL FANTASIES COULD PROVE MOST PROVOCATIVE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MY DRUG!
WHEN SHE HAS RECOVERED HER STRENGTH, I WILL PERFORM A PRELIMINARY TEST!
I BELIEVE I SHOULD PERFORM THE TEST.
NO, I SHOULD BE THE ONE.
IT'S MY SHIP.
IT'S MY DRUG!
VERY WELL THEN, WE'LL TAKE TURNS.
AGREED. I'LL GO FIRST.
NO, I WILL GO FIRST.
NO, ME FIRST.
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME? THE LAST I REMEMBER—


"I WAS ON THE DECK OF THE WICHITA WITH CAPTAIN BOYD COCHRAN."
...SO YOU SEE, JOANNA, THE HIGH COMMAND'S DECISION TO ATTACK THE PHILIPPINES MEANS WE'RE TAKING NO ACTION AGAINST FORMOSA—DESPITE THE MANY REPORTS OF JAPANESE FEMALE SLAVE COLONIES THERE!

THAT MAKES THIS TRIP VERY DANGEROUS FOR YOU...AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, ALONE ON THE HIGH SEAS...
ALONE WITH ONLY YOU AND A FEW THOUSAND SEAMEN TO PROTECT ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO MY SHIP, AND IT'S TRUE I OPPOSED THE ASSIGNMENT AT FIRST—
BUT I'VE WITNESSED YOUR BRAVERY THESE PAST FEW WEEKS ...YOUR KINDNESS! YOU MUST KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU!
AND I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF YOU, CAPTAIN, BUT—
NNC

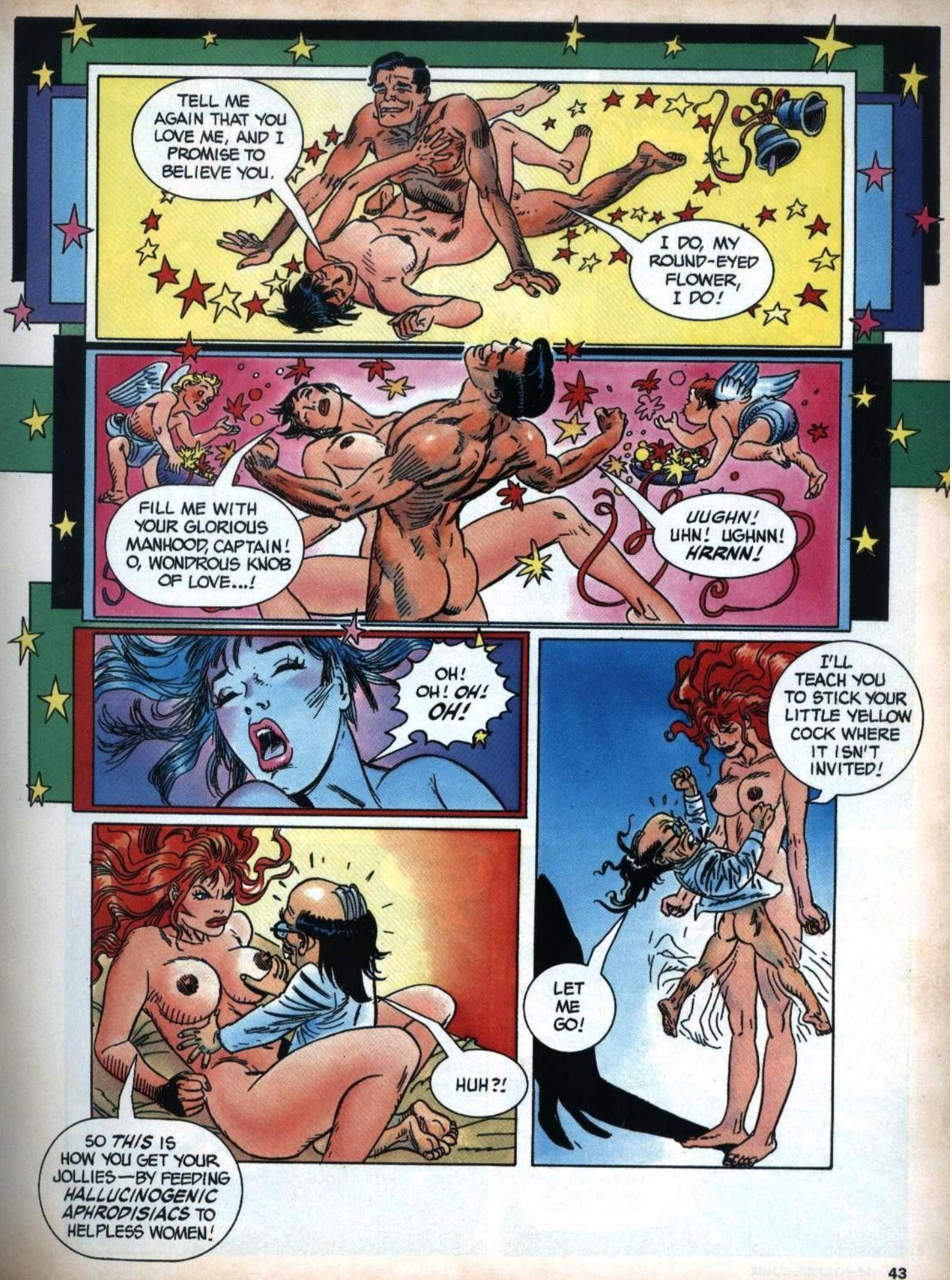
—EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT A LADIES' MAN YOU ARE! AFTER SO LONG AT SEA, EVEN A PLAIN GIRL LIKE ME WOULD LOOK GOOD...FOR A TIME!
JOANNA, NO! YOU HAVE IT ALL WRONG!

—THEN THE SHIP WAS ATTACKED BY KAMIKAZES AND PANDEMONIUM BROKE OUT! I HURRIED BELOW TO TEND THE WOUNDED.

JOANNA!
A JAP SUB TORPEDOED US WHILE WE WERE BUSY WITH THE KAMIKAZES! WE'RE SINKING!
YOU HAVE TO ABANDON SHIP!
BUT... WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I HAVE TO HELP THE WOUNDED TO THE LIFEBOATS! DON'T WORRY—
—THE CAPTAIN ONLY GOES DOWN WITH HIS SHIP IN THE MOVIES!
GOOD-BYE, JOANNA...
"AS I FELL INTO THE EMBRACE OF THE SEA, MY MIND REPLAYED THE MANY TRAUMAS OF MY LIFE."

"MOST OF ALL, I REMEMBERED THE *SERUM* I DRANK, AND HOW IT TRANSFORMED ME INTO A LUSTFUL, SUPER-POWERED NAZI-BUSTER WHENEVER I HAD AN *ORGASM.*"

"I COULD HAVE USED AN ORGASM — AND THOSE *POWERS* — AS I PASSED OUT, THE MIGHTY *WICHITA* WAS GOING DOWN BEHIND ME!"
YES... *EXACTLY* WHAT I HAVE IN MIND!
GOING DOWN... GOING DOWN...
NO!
SOON YOU WILL KNOW PLEASURE SUCH AS MOST WOMEN MAY ONLY *DREAM* OF!
PLEASURE ...GOING DOWN... DREAM...
CAPTAIN! YOU SURVIVED!
YES, AND I MUST HAVE YOU, MY WESTERN BEAUTY!


TELL ME AGAIN THAT YOU LOVE ME, AND I PROMISE TO BELIEVE YOU.
I DO, MY ROUND-EYED FLOWER, I DO!
FILL ME WITH YOUR GLORIOUS MANHOOD, CAPTAIN! O, WONDROUS KNOB OF LOVE...!
UUGHN! UHN! UGHNN! HRRNN!
OH! OH! OH! OH!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO STICK YOUR LITTLE YELLOW COCK WHERE IT ISN'T INVITED!
LET ME GO!
HUH?!
SO THIS IS HOW YOU GET YOUR JOLLIES—BY FEEDING HALLUCINOGENIC APHRODISIACS TO HELPLESS WOMEN!

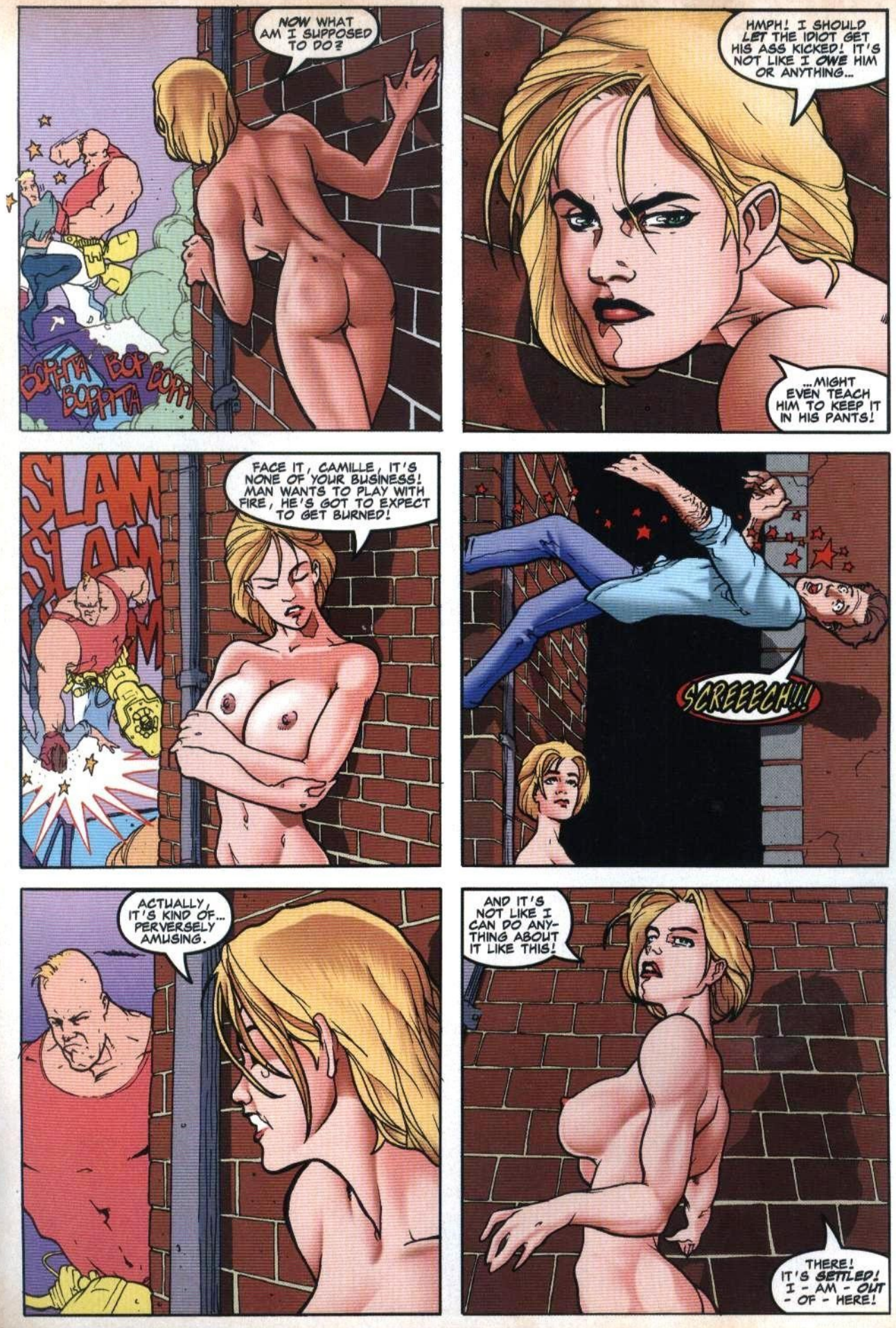
GAAAAH!
PINCH!
AND DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT SEWING IT BACK ON!
ANOTHER OF THE EMPEROR'S *FISH* KISSES THE OCEAN BOTTOM!
SHOULD TAKE ME LESS THAN AN HOUR TO REACH THAT SHIP. I JUST HOPE IT'S ONE OF *OURS*, OR I HAVE A LOT MORE *JAP-BASHING* AHEAD OF ME!
EXCUSE ME, SAILOR—

—I COULD USE A GOOD *SCRUBBING DOWN* MYSELF!
JUST THINK OF ME AS THE U.S.O. OF YOUR *WET DREAMS* —WITHOUT BOB HOPE!
CAPTAIN BOYD!
MY, ER, *COUSIN JOANNA* TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU! WHAT D' YOU SAY WE WHIP UP SOME *SUDS* TOGETHER?
UH, THANKS ...BUT *NO THANKS!*
I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF MEANINGLESS SEXUAL EXPERIENCES. MY HEART—AND THE *REST* OF ME—BELONGS TO YOUR COUSIN JOANNA!
WELL, THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

TO BE CONTINUED...

OUR STORY THUS FAR:
CAMILLE PIKE, unsullied lassie whose utterance of the word "EKIP" transforms her into full-bosomed and super-powered MS. ADVENTURE, is out to get a job. The superheroine gig can be a drag. The simple ad for a gal friday led her to The office of DICK WILLING, P.I. after freeing him from semen-soaked ropes, she struggled to evade Willing's job-offering charisma. She ran into THE EJACULATOR, husband of the woman Willing has been having an affair with. Camille really did not want to get involved fighting a man with a 200 horsepower artificial penis (Ladies, would you?), that plus she left her magically-transforming-from-a-dimension-of-power-but-otherwise-invisible costume in the wash.
Look out, girl, this could get messy...
SECOND COMING!
Writer:
KEITH GIFFEN
Artist:
CARY POLKOVITZ
Letterer:
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS
Color Design & Rendering:
DIGITAL CHAMELEON
Miss
Ms.
ADVENTURE

GREAT... JUST GREAT!
...GET AWAY WITH SLIDIN' ME SLOPPY SECONDS...


NOW WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
BOPPITA BOP BOPPITA BOPP!
HMPH! I SHOULD LET THE IDIOT GET HIS ASS KICKED! IT'S NOT LIKE I OWE HIM OR ANYTHING...
...MIGHT EVEN TEACH HIM TO KEEP IT IN HIS PANTS!
SLAM SLAM
FACE IT, CAMILLE, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! MAN WANTS TO PLAY WITH FIRE, HE'S GOT TO EXPECT TO GET BURNED!
SCREEECH!!!
ACTUALLY, IT'S KIND OF... PERVERSELY AMUSING.
AND IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN DO ANY-THING ABOUT IT LIKE THIS!
THERE! IT'S SETTLED! I - AM - OUT - OF - HERE!

NO, CHILD...SUCH IS NOT THE WAY OF THE TRUE HERO BORN...
WH-HUH?

THE PATH YOU HAVE CHOSEN IS PAVED WITH THE ALTRUISTIC RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THOSE WHOSE CHOICE IT WAS ALSO TO TREAD THE PATH, AND BY DOING SO STRENGTHEN IT THROUGH THEIR OWN RIGHTEOUSNESS THAT THE OTHER SHOULD FIND THE WAY OF THE HEROIC IDEAL FREE OF POT-HOLES UPON WHICH A NOBLE ANKLE COULD BE GRIEVOUSLY TURNED WERE ONE NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO...
WHO THE HELL...!?

I AM THE MANIFEST EMBODIMENT OF THE HEROIC IDEAL. THE SHEPHERD OF THE VALOROUS. IF THERE BE A CRISIS OF FAITH, THEN IT FALLS TO ME TO RESTORE...
GET REAL!
SCOFF NOT! THE MANTLE OF POWER IS NEVER LAID LIGHTLY ACROSS THE CREAMY WHITE SHOULDERS OF ...UMM...
THAT IS TO SAY...AH...NOBLE HEARTS MUST BEAT TRUE WITHIN NOBLE BREASTS...CHESTS! NOBLE CHESTS!!
UMNN... WITH GREAT POWER ALSO COMES... COMES...ERR...
BO-RING!
...P-P-POWER AND...SOMETHING, SOMETHING... GROAN...
BE-OOP!
LUNGE!
!

OKAY, Y'CUCKOLDIN' BASTARD! END-FUCKIN'-GAME!!
...D-DIDN'T KNOW...SWEAR T' GOD...I...I DID'N...
KIK
SMASH
HEY! HEY!!

GET OFF OF...!
PUH-LEEEEZ!! IT'S BEEN MILLENNIA...!
EH?

T-CHAK!

OHHHH... BAD MOVE, WILLING!

MOTHER FUCK!! THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF THE "HEROIC IDEAL"!?
N'GLOM... N'GLOM... GLUK-I...
KRAK
LAST WARNING! BACK OFF!!
ALWAYS LOVED THE FEISTY...
CRUNCH
...ONES...
THUD

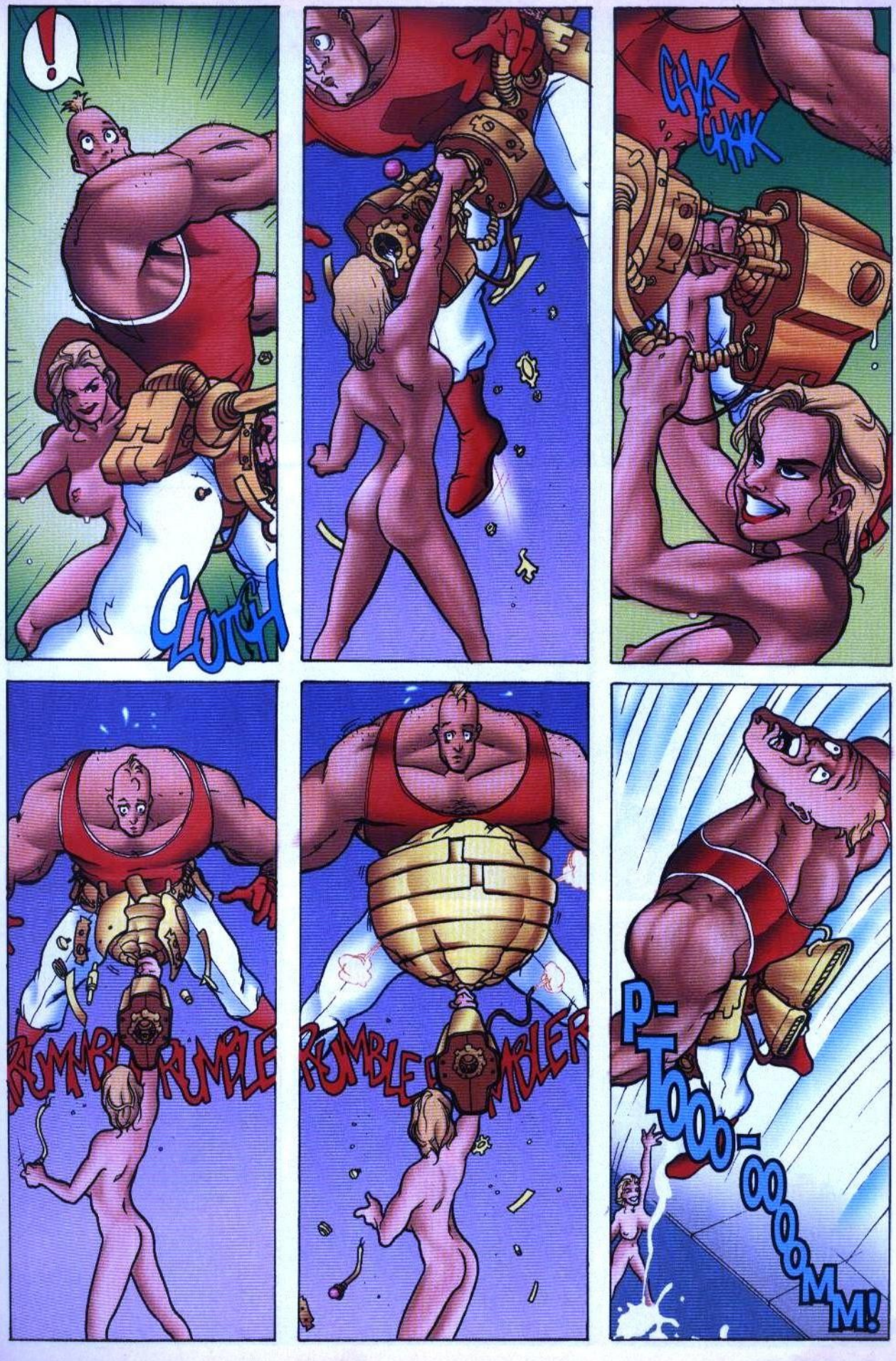
MMM... TAKE ME NOW!
WOOF! WOOF!
GOD A'MIGHTY...
YO! FIFTY BUCKS Y' TURN AROUND!
CHEEEE...

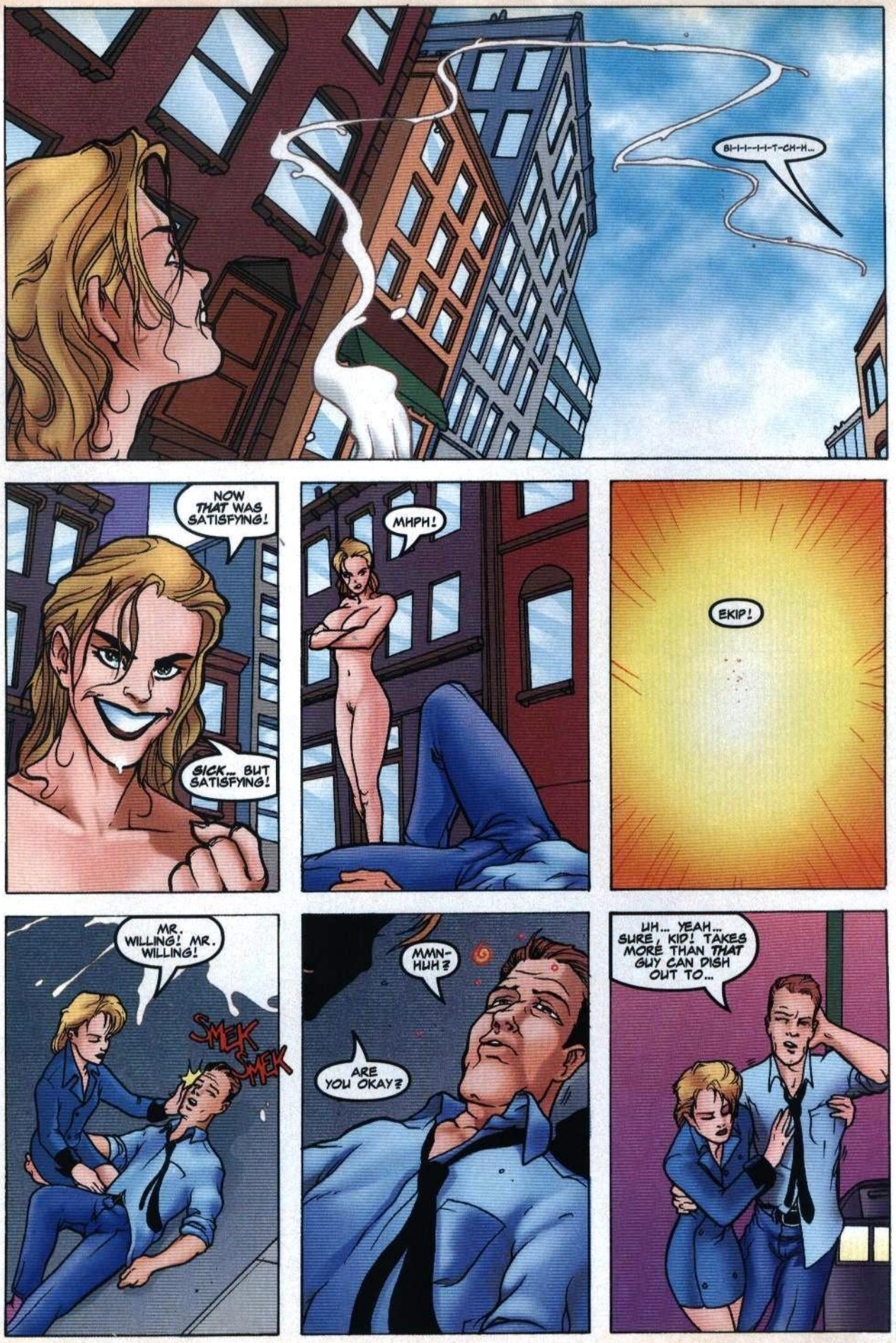
SO MUCH FOR PERSONAL DIGNITY...

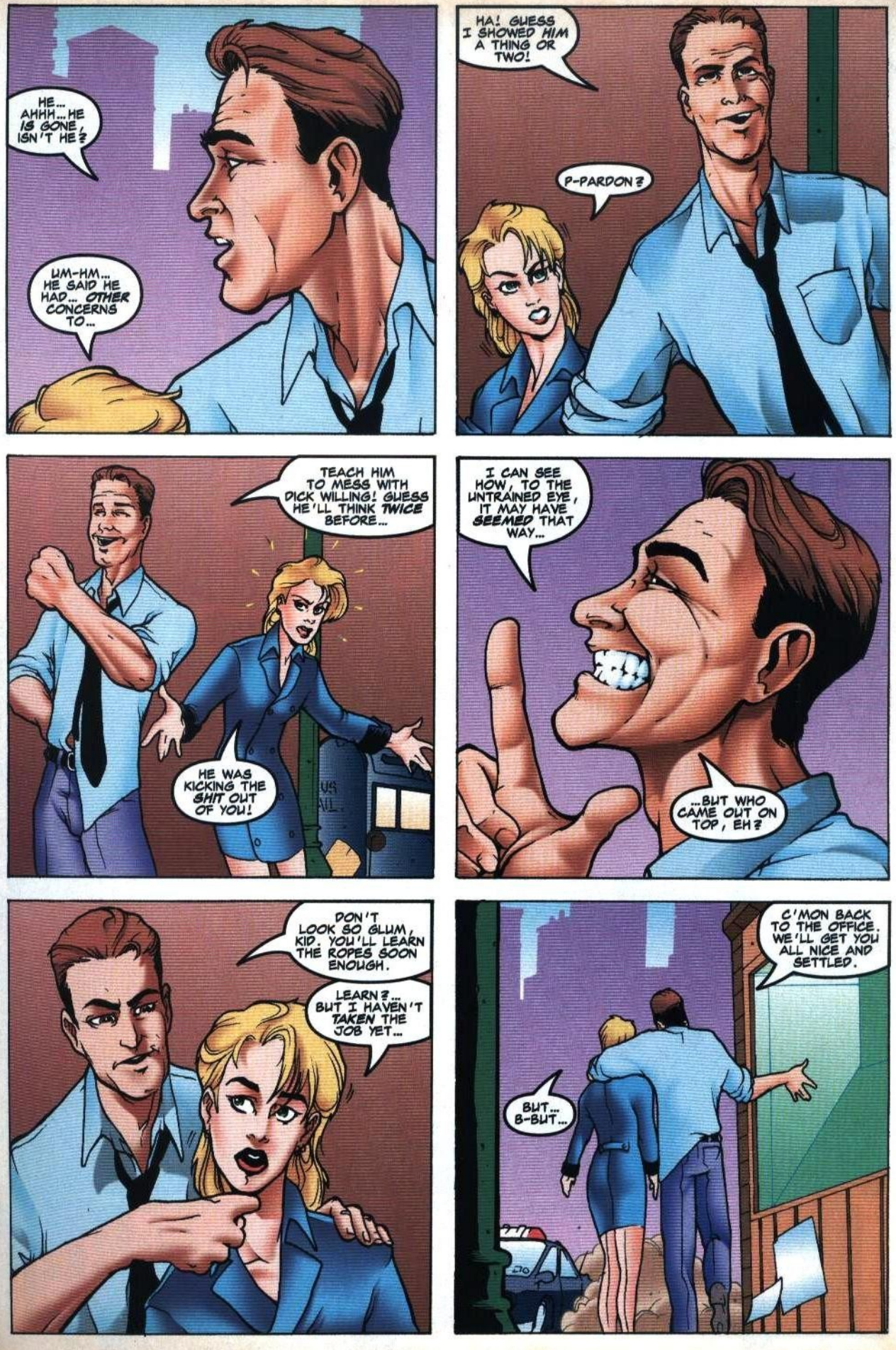
SIGH... GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL DEAL WITH THIS, SEEING AS HOW THE DAMAGE IS ALREADY DONE.
SMAK!

THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU'LL KILL HIM!
?!

AND?
I CAN'T ALLOW THAT.
'ZAT SO?
TH' MAN WUZ PUTTIN' IT T' TH' MISSUS. I'M FIGGERIN' SHE WUZN'T TH' FIRST.
JUST CONSIDER IT A PUBLIC SERVICE I'M PERFORMIN' HERE.
THAT'S IT! THAT - IS - IT!!
LE'SEE NOW, WHERE WUZ WE...


!
GLOTCH
CHK CHK
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
P-TOOO-OOOOMM!


BI-I-I--I-I-T-CH-H...
NOW THAT WAS SATISFYING!
SICK... BUT SATISFYING!
MHPH!
EKIP!
MR. WILLING! MR. WILLING!
SMEK
SMEK
MMN-HUH?
ARE YOU OKAY?
UH... YEAH... SURE, KID! TAKES MORE THAN THAT GUY CAN DISH OUT TO...


HE... AHHH... HE IS GONE, ISN'T HE?
UM-HM... HE SAID HE HAD... OTHER CONCERNS TO...
HA! GUESS I SHOWED HIM A THING OR TWO!
P-PARDON?
TEACH HIM TO MESS WITH DICK WILLING! GUESS HE'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE...
HE WAS KICKING THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!
I CAN SEE HOW, TO THE UNTRAINED EYE, IT MAY HAVE SEEMED THAT WAY...
...BUT WHO CAME OUT ON TOP, EH?
DON'T LOOK SO GLUM, KID. YOU'LL LEARN THE ROPES SOON ENOUGH.
LEARN?... BUT I HAVEN'T TAKEN THE JOB YET...
C'MON BACK TO THE OFFICE. WE'LL GET YOU ALL NICE AND SETTLED.
BUT... B-BUT...

...GET YOU RIGHT TO WORK ON THE MUFF ACCOUNT.
MUFF ACCOUNT?
THERE! THAT IS THE ONE!
YEAH. I'D DO IT MYSELF, BUT YOU KNOW HOW MESSY IT GETS WHEN...
MIGHTY MUFF!?
IN HER OTHER FORM, SHE IS THE PERFECT SPECIMEN!
YOU WERE SLEEPING WITH HIS WIFE!!
HEY C'MON SETTLE DOWN. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
JA! AND STILL A VIRGIN! STILL PURE!
ACCIDENT!? WHAT, SHE FELL ON YOUR DICK!?
AND BIG TITS! DON'T FORGET THE BIG...

STEADY, FRANZ.
ALL ACQUISITION UNITS ON FULL ALERT! THE TERRAIN FRAULEIN IS AS GOOD AS OURS!
NEXT ISSUE
NAZI PENISES FROM OUTER SPACE!

Pinocchia

Story by
LEROI
Art by
GIBRAT
Lettering by
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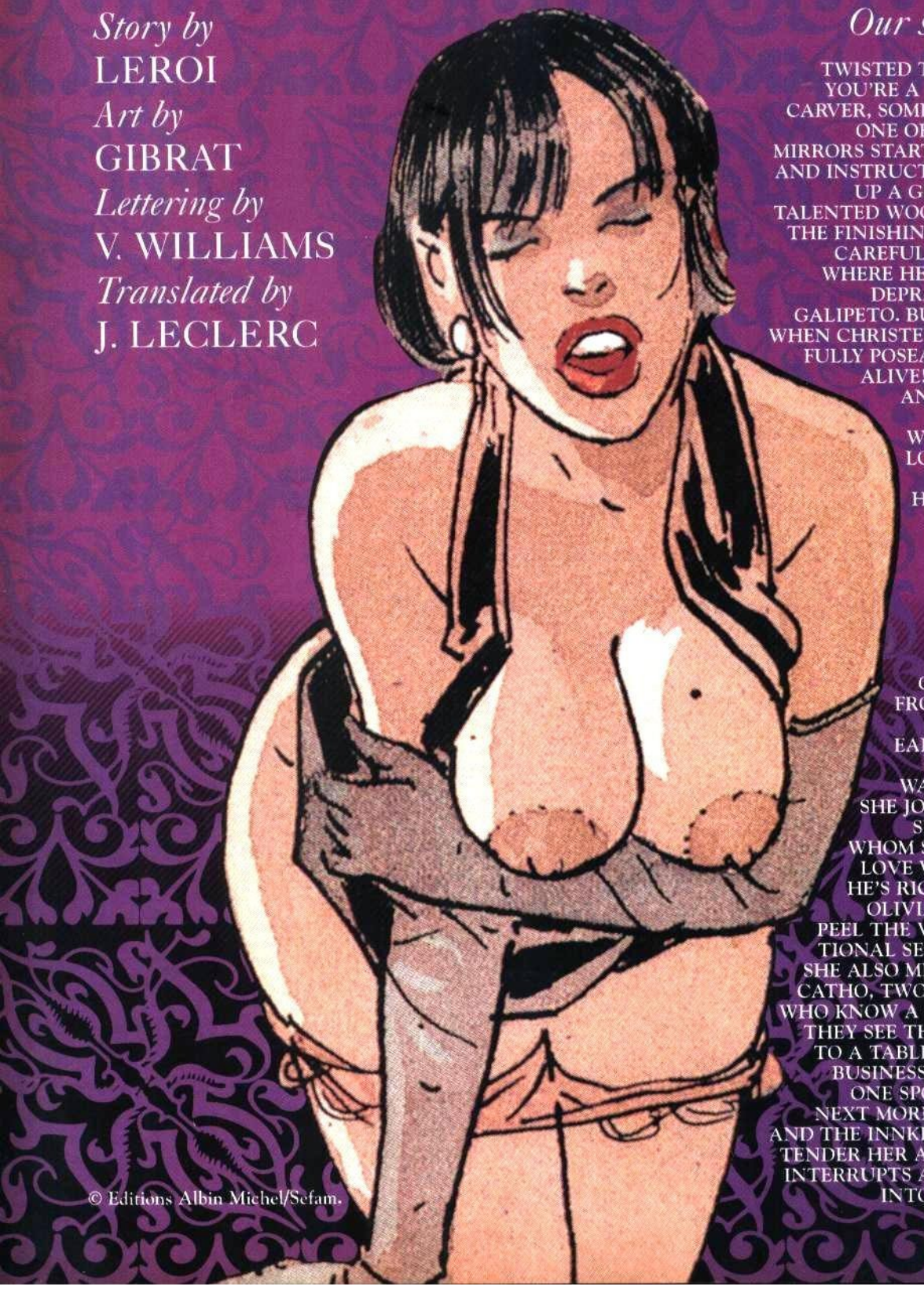
Translated by
J. LECLERC



Our story thus far:

TWISTED TALES DEPARTMENT: YOU'RE A LONELY OLD WOOD-CARVER, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE. ONE OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD MIRRORS STARTS TALKING TO YOU AND INSTRUCTS YOU TO WHITTLE UP A GIRLFRIEND. BEING A TALENTED WOODCARVER, YOU DO. THE FINISHING TOUCH IS A NICE, CAREFULLY MEASURED HOLE WHERE HER PUPIK WOULD BE. DEPRAVITY, THY NAME IS GALIPETO. BUT, WAIT A MINUTE! WHEN CHRISTENED, THIS LIFE-SIZE, FULLY POSEABLE PUPPET COMES ALIVE! NOW THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS A VERY TALENTED WOODCARVER. QUITE LOVELY PINOCCHIA IS SEPARATED FROM HER BELOVED "PAPA" BY THE NASTY POLICE, OF COURSE. BUT, WHILE IN A HOLDING CELL, PINOCCHIA DEMONSTRATED A CERTAIN OPEN SEXUALITY — SHE GAVE A BLOW-JOB IN FRONT A CELL-FULL OF THE SCUM OF THE EARTH. SHE IS EJECTED FROM THE JAIL AND WANDERS ABOUT TILL SHE JOINS A PARTY. THERE SHE MEETS LORENZO, WHOM SHE FALLS MADLY IN LOVE WITH. SHE'S NO SAP; HE'S RICH! THE BEAUTEOUS OLIVIA HELPS PINOCCHIA PEEL THE VENEER OF CONVEN-TIONAL SEXUALITY AWAY. BUT SHE ALSO MEETS RENARDO AND CATHO, TWO SLEAZY PIMP TYPES WHO KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE THEM! THEY SELL HER TO A TABLE FULL OF DRUNKEN BUSINESSMEN — MORE THAN ONE SPORTS A WOODY. THE NEXT MORNING, SHE AWAKENS AND THE INNKEEPER ATTEMPTS TO TENDER HER A BILL. BUT HIS WIFE INTERRUPTS AND KICKS HER OUT INTO THE COLD WORLD.

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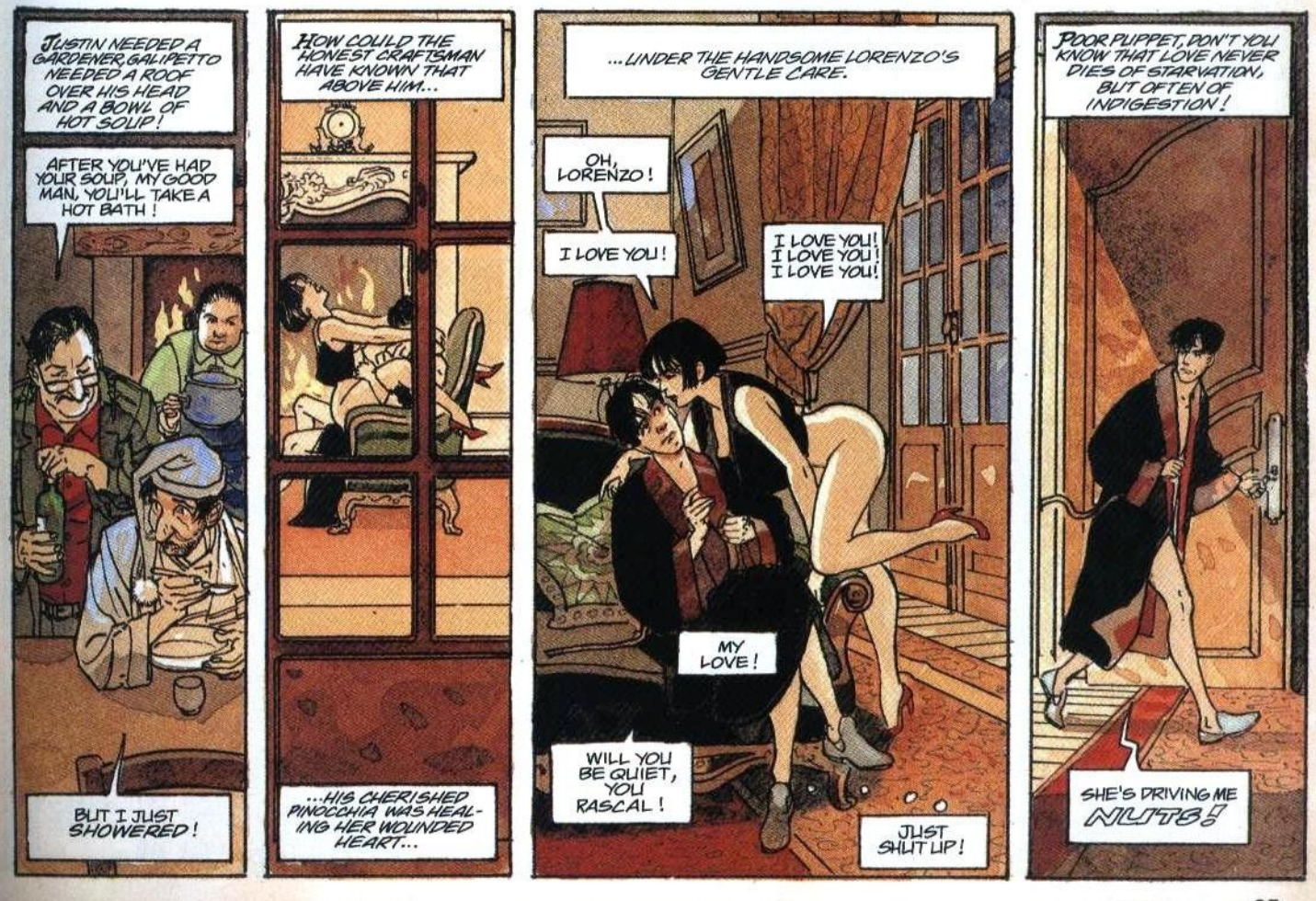
BACK IN HIS CELL, GALIPETTO, UNHAPPY AND FEELING DEJECTED, WAS BROODING OVER HIS MISFORTUNE.
THROW THE OL' STINKER BACK OUT IN THE STREET!
POLICE
GET OUT, DISGUSTING OLD PIG! GO AND WASH UP IN THE RIVER!
IMAGINE GALIPETTO'S JOY WHEN HE WAS FREE AGAIN!
...WORRIED ABOUT GOING BACK TO JAIL...
STUPID MIRROR, SEE WHAT YOUR DEPRAVITY HAS DONE TO ME?
ME, AN HONEST CARPENTER, FORCED TO HIDE...
...LIKE A THIEF!

SOBBING, PINOCCHIA SET OFF TOWARDS THE HANDSOME LORENZO'S HOUSE ONCE AGAIN.
I'M JUST A STUPID DOLL MADE OF WOOD. I'VE ABANDONED MY POOR PAPA!
I'VE BETRAYED THE KIND-HEARTED OLIVIA...TO FOLLOW SWEET-TALKERS WHO PROMISED ME MONEY AND LOVE!
IS THERE ANY OTHER GIRL IN THE WORLD AS HEARTLESS AS I AM?
WHAT WILL I TELL LORENZO?
WILL HE FORGIVE ME?
THAT SAME NIGHT, THE CARETAKER WAS BUSY CHECKING THE WINE CELLAR...
AH! AH! AH!
YESSSS!!!
...WHERE THE FINE WINES THAT WOULD BECOME THE PRIDE OF THE ESTATE...
...WERE FERMENTING IN THE QUIET DARKNESS...
GASPARD? AND YOU! MARION! HOW COULD YOU? IN THE PRESENCE OF THESE NOBLE VATS?!
AARGH!
AND THIS IS HOW A GARDENER'S POSITION BECAME AVAILABLE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MISS?
I'M LOOKING FOR MR. LORENZO AND MISS OLIVIA!
AS FOR YOU, GASPARD, DON'T EVER COME AROUND HERE AGAIN-- OTHERWISE, YOU'LL REGRET IT!
WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE MY NAUGHTINESS?
PLEASE, PINOCCHIA, COME CLOSER TO THE FIREPLACE!
THANK YOU, JUSTIN, YOU MAY GO.
OH, LORENZO...
FOLLOWING A COINCIDENCE OF EVENTS THAT ONLY HAPPEN IN FAIRY TALES, GALIPETTO WAS DRAWN TO THE LIGHTS OF A WELCOMING HOUSE.


JUSTIN NEEDED A GARDENER, GALIPETTO NEEDED A ROOF OVER HIS HEAD AND A BOWL OF HOT SOUP!
AFTER YOU'VE HAD YOUR SOUP, MY GOOD MAN, YOU'LL TAKE A HOT BATH!
BUT I JUST SHOWERED!
HOW COULD THE HONEST CRAFTSMAN HAVE KNOWN THAT ABOVE HIM...
...HIS CHERISHED PINOCCHIA WAS HEALING HER WOUNDED HEART...
...UNDER THE HANDSOME LORENZO'S GENTLE CARE.
OH, LORENZO!
I LOVE YOU!
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!
MY LOVE!
WILL YOU BE QUIET, YOU RASCAL!
JUST SHUT UP!
POOR PUPPET, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT LOVE NEVER DIES OF STARVATION, BUT OFTEN OF INDIGESTION!
SHE'S DRIVING ME NUTS!

REALLY, PINOCCHIA, WILL YOU EVER LEARN TO STOP SETTING YOURSELF UP FOR DISASTER?
MEN ARE HUNTERS. LET THEM CONQUER YOU!
I'VE LOST LORENZO AGAIN!
LORENZOOOO!!!*
*YOU'LL NOTICE, DEAR CHILDREN, THAT PINOCCHIA WAS GETTING SMARTER AND SMARTER, EXCEPT IN LOVE LIKE THE REST OF US!
MEANWHILE, GALIPETTO, OVERWHELMED BY AN OMINOUS FEELING, TREMBLED AS HE WATCHED HIS TUB BEING FILLED.
WILL YOU GET IN THE TUB, OLD FOOL!
PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU, I'VE NEVER TAKEN A BATH BEFORE!
I CAN SMELL IT!
HELP!!!!
COME ON, DON'T ACT LIKE A CHILD!
QUICK! BEHIND THIS DOOR!
PINOC-CHIA!?

AMAZED AT FINDING HIS CHERISHED DOLL... THE OLD MAN...
PINOCCHIA!? OH, PINOCCHIA! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE!
...THOUGHT HE WAS GOING CRAZY...
GOOD GOD! WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?
...CRAZED BY THE PAIN OF SEEING HER LIFELESS BODY...
NO, I SHOULDN'T... BUT I HAVE TO REVIVE HER!
TO GIVE HER BACK THE BREATH OF LIFE - THE GOOD-HEARTED MAN STARTED PASSIONATELY POLISHING HIS MASTERPIECE.
WHAT'S THAT RUCKUS?
THE OLD PIG'S HIDING IN ONE OF THE ROOMS!
RELENTLESS, HE DIDN'T DIMINISH HIS EFFORTS TO REVIVE THE DOLL. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE SHE...
THERE HE IS!

OH, LORENZO!
I'M CALLING THE POLICE, SIR!
OH! DISGUSTING!
AH! AH! AAAAAAH!
WILL YOU PLEASE LEAVE THIS LADY ALONE?!
LET ME EXPLAIN... EVERYONE CALM DOWN!
OLD PERVERT!
DON'T HURT HIM!
AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?
YES! I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF MYSELF FOR LEAVING MY PAPA!
YOU PIG! WITH YOUR DAUGHTER, NO LESS.
I WAS TRYING TO SAVE HER!
THE POLICE ARE ON THEIR WAY, SIR!

DAMN! THE POLICE!
BUT...
SORRY, PINOCCHIA, BUT I CAN'T STAND BEING LOCKED UP AGAIN!
NO SOONER HAD GALIPETTO FOUND HIS PUPPET, THEN FATE WAS SEPARATING THEM ONCE AGAIN!
HE WENT THAT WAY! HURRY!
WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON NOW, PINOCCHIA?
DON'T BE MAD AT ME! I MUST CATCH UP TO HIM!
PAPA!
AH, INNOCENT GIRL, WHO IS LEADING YOU ASTRAY FROM TRUE HAPPINESS? WHAT NEW MISFORTUNE AWAITS YOU AT THE NEXT TURN IN THE ROAD?

THIS IS TOTALLY CRAZY!
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD MANIPULATE THIS GIRL AS YOU PLEASED...
...AND YOU SEE, SHE'S GONE!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DARLING CHILD? WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE!
YOU LEFT ME ALONE AT THE INN AND YOU RAN OFF LIKE THE CROOKS THAT YOU ARE!
OF COURSE NOT! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU BECAUSE WE'VE FOUND YOU A GOOD JOB!
AND THIS IS THE THANKS WE GET!
PINOCCHIA, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF YOUR TROUBLES.
YOU'LL BE RICH, VERY RICH! LORENZO WILL BE EATING OUT OF YOUR HANDS!
AS FOR YOU, NAUGHTY BOYS, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW OUR HEROINE'S MAIN ATTRACTIONS WILL GROW AS SHE LOSES HER INNOCENCE, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT.

PINOCCHIA AND THE TWO CROOKS STOPPED IN FRONT OF A MULTICOLORED BOOTH.
HERE YOU ARE IN PARADISE, BEAUTIFUL!
LOOK AT THE SIGN!
THE GARDEN OF Eden...
FOR YOU, NOTHING!
HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO GET INTO THE GARDEN?
THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO BEGIN!
EVERYONE'S EYES WERE RIVETED ON A GIRL WHO WAS DANCING IN FRONT OF THEM.

PINOCCHIA WAS LITERALLY MESMERIZED BY THE GRACE...
...AND AUDACITY OF THE GIRL WHO WAS STRIPPING TO THE THROBBING RHYTHM OF AN EROTIC TUNE...
THIS MONEY COULD BE YOURS TOO!
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
WE'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE LORD, OUR FATHER! AND IF HE'S WILLING TO TAKE YOU...
THIS IS WHEN... OUT OF NOWHERE... APPEARED...
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PUSSYEATER!
...A FRIGHTENING MAN... MOSTLY BECAUSE OF HIS BIG EYES...

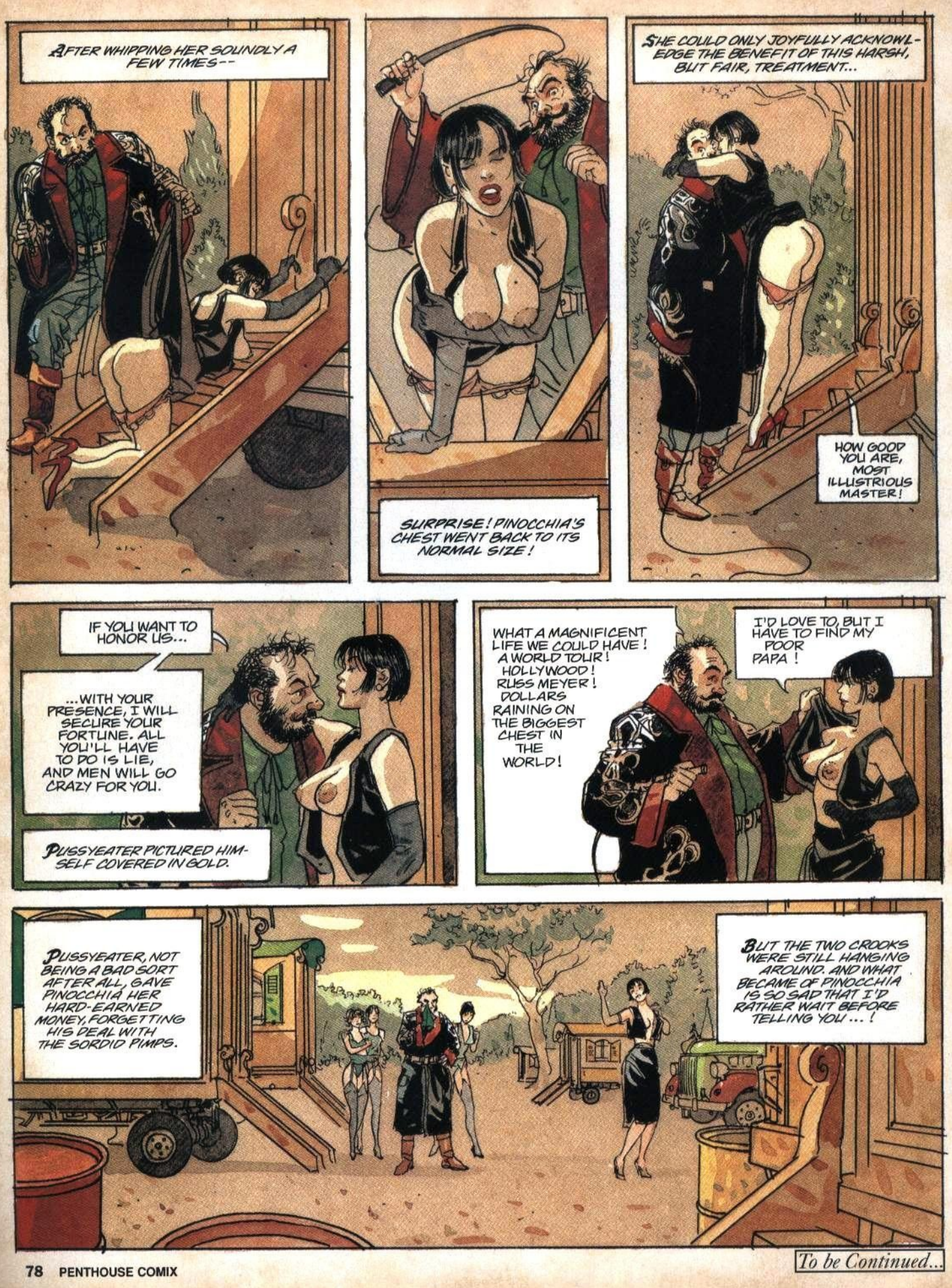
THE ILLUSTRIOUS PUSSYEATER WAS HOLDING A LONG WHIP AND HIS GLOWING EYES WERE GREEDILY DEVOURING THE SCULPTED BODY...
...OF OUR HEROINE, WHO ALLOWED HIM TO GAZE AT HER WITH DELIGHT.
DON'T YOU KNOW, BRAZEN MINX, WE DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH DISCIPLINE HERE!
ER...
MY GIRLS MUST BE BEYOND REPROACH.
DON'T YOU HAVE A BOYFRIEND, PINOCCHIA?
SHE'S AS PURE AS THE PUREST STREAM, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS!
I TRUST YOU, DEAR FRIENDS!
NONETHELESS, SHE HAS TO SHOW US HER TALENTS ON THE STAGE!
IT'LL BRING THE HOUSE DOWN!
JUST WATCH THE OTHER GIRLS!
AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU ARE, YOU'LL ASTOUND THEM!
INDEED, PINOCCHIA'S PERFORMANCE WAS BREATH TAKING.
BRAVO, GENTLEMEN! THIS IS A TOP-NOTCH RECRUIT!
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO HER KEEPING HER OWN TIPS, DO YOU?
WELL, THAT IS, WE...
GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! WHERE ARE YOUR MORALS?

DEEP DOWN, THE FEARED PUSSYEATER WAS A GOOD MAN.
DON'T WORRY, YOUR PROTÉGÉ WILL BE HAPPY HERE WITH US!
IN THE ROOM, WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE THE REACTION...
TAKE IT OFF, GIRLS!
...THAT SEIZED THE OTHER GIRL, IN THE FACE OF PINOCCHIA'S SUCCESS.
PULL HER PANTIES OFF!!!
PINOCCHIA WAS DETERMINED TO DEFEND HERSELF FROM HER CO-WORKER'S CRUEL ATTACK.
I'LL DEAL WITH YOU TONIGHT!
OF COURSE, YOU'VE GUESSED THAT THIS HEART OF GOLD WAS NEVERTHELESS PAINED BY HER TRIUMPH.

AT THE SIGHT OF THIS HEART-WRENCHING SCENE, PINOCCHIA PLEADED WITH PUSSYEATER.
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER, I IMPLORE YOU TO FORGIVE THIS POOR GIRL.
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF FORGIVING. MY TROUPE OWES ME ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE AND I HAVE NO OTHER WAY BUT TO DEAL SEVERELY WITH--
IN THAT CASE, I KNOW MY DUTY. IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT SHE SHOULD BE PUNISHED INSTEAD OF ME!
UPON HEARING THESE HEROIC WORDS, THE GIRLS ALL STARTED TO CRY THEIR EYES OUT.
TIE ME UP SO THAT I MAY RECEIVE THE PUNISHMENT THAT I DESERVE!
EVEN PUSSYEATER WAS MOVED TO TEARS.
YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, PINOCCHIA!
COME HERE!
IS SHE FORGIVEN?
SHE'S FORGIVEN!

TO SHOW HIM HER GRATITUDE, AT THIS EMOTIONAL MOMENT...
...PINOCCHIA GAVE HIM A VERY DEEP KISS.
OH MY! THIS SMALL, BUT QUITE PLEASANT, DESSERT WILL DO FOR TONIGHT!
THE GIRLS APPLAUDED THEIR NEW, GENEROUS FRIEND...
NEXT TIME, WATCH YOUR ASSES!
I'LL HAVE NO PITY!
THEY STARTED DANCING AND JUMPING FOR JOY AND CELEBRATING PINOCCHIA.
DID YOU ENJOY THAT, YOU RASCAL?
MOST CERTAINLY, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER. IT WAS QUITE ENJOYABLE!
PINOCCHIA WAS TELLING A LITTLE WHITE LIE...
...BECAUSE SHE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED KISSING LORENZO.
PUSSYEATER WANTED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT...
YOU DID SAY THAT YOU DON'T HAVE A LOVER?
I DON'T HAVE A LOVER, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER.
AT THIS SECOND LIE, PINOCCHIA'S CHEST STARTED SWELLING EVEN MORE.
IN THAT CASE, YOU'D ENJOY SLEEPING WITH ME TONIGHT?
WITH GREAT PLEASURE, OH MASTER!

THIS NEW LIE WAS EVEN GREATER THAN THE OTHER ONES...
THESE BREASTS ARE MARVELOUS!!!
WHAT WAS THIS STRANGE PHENOMENA?
WHAT STRANGE CURSE WEIGHS UPON MY BREASTS?
MORTIFIED, SHE BROKE INTO TEARS!
PUSSYEATER, BEING THE KIND SOUL THAT HE REALLY WAS, LET OUR PUPPET CRY...
...AND THEN CAUGHT UP WITH HER BECAUSE HE WAS STILL, NONETHELESS, HER UNYIELDING MASTER...
...TO TEACH HER A GOOD LESSON...
I'LL TEACH YOU TO LIE, NAUGHTY GIRL!
...AND TO CORRECT HER OF THE VERY BAD HABIT OF LYING.


AFTER WHIPPING HER SOUNDLY A FEW TIMES--
SURPRISE! PINOCCHIA'S CHEST WENT BACK TO ITS NORMAL SIZE!
SHE COULD ONLY JOYFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE BENEFIT OF THIS HARSH, BUT FAIR, TREATMENT...
HOW GOOD YOU ARE, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER!
IF YOU WANT TO HONOR US...
...WITH YOUR PRESENCE, I WILL SECURE YOUR FORTUNE. ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS LIE, AND MEN WILL GO CRAZY FOR YOU.
PUSSYEATER PICTURED HIMSELF COVERED IN GOLD.
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT LIFE WE COULD HAVE! A WORLD TOUR! HOLLYWOOD! RUSS MEYER! DOLLARS RAINING ON THE BIGGEST CHEST IN THE WORLD!
I'D LOVE TO, BUT I HAVE TO FIND MY POOR PAPA!
PUSSYEATER, NOT BEING A BAD SORT AFTER ALL, GAVE PINOCCHIA HER HARD-EARNED MONEY, FORGETTING HIS DEAL WITH THE SORDID PIMPS.
BUT THE TWO CROOKS WERE STILL HANGING AROUND. AND WHAT BECAME OF PINOCCHIA IS SO SAD THAT I'D RATHER WAIT BEFORE TELLING YOU...!
To be Continued...

PENTHOUSE COMIX

OCTOBER 1996

I'm in a laboratory... hanging from iron shackles... uh-oh The Doctor is in...

JESUS!

HELLUVA BEGINNING...

WHAT'S A HEROIC-TYPE TO DO?

—protect the girl, of course...

...FROM THE DOCTOR! THE T&A IS INTACT, BUT NOT FOR LONG...

SKINNERS

a different kind of love story

Written and Illustrated by acclaimed "Star Wars" artist

Dave Dorman

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 10th

ALSO!:

DenZ

His ignoble return to NeverWhere...

young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

The Senate's Revenge... or Newt Nibbles Nuts While Joey Jerks Joint!

DOCDARE

Dare gets a new assignment, then it's hurry up and wait

ALTUNA

It's fun in the sun as the world-renowned artist takes us down to the beach

Pinocchia

Part III

Her tits have grown to alarming proportions — what will she do?